THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

APRIL, 1802.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Embellished with a fine Portrait.

When forc'd the *fair nymph* to forego,
What anguish I felt in my heart!
Yet I thought (but it might not be so)
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew—
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return!

SHENSTONE.

THE subject of the present memoir is on various accounts deserving of our attention: his history is singular—his poetical writings are in much esteem—and the character left behind him was amiable and impressive. We proceed therefore with pleasure to the detail of his life, though very many particulars have not been communicated to the public respecting him.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE was born in the month of November, 1714, at the Leasowes, a spot belonging to Shropshire, though about thirty miles distant from any other part of it: it is indeed surrounded by Warwickshire and Worcestershire, and therefore seems to be an insulated portion of the kingdom. There are other instances of the kind to be found in the island. However strange such divisions may appear in the eye of reason, they are to be accounted for by the ancient but very singular distributions of the country.

His love of learning was such, even in his earliest years, that he was highly gratified by the present of a new book, which he carried to bed along with him. And it is also said, that when any body had failed, according to promise, to bring him a book, his mother would wrap up a piece of wood of the same form, and thus pacify him for the night.

Educated at the grammar-school of Hales-Owen (though he passed through other schools), he went in the year 1732 to Pembroke college, in Oxford; here he remained for ten years, very attentive to his studies. We are also informed, that after the first four years he put on the civilian gown, but without shewing any intention to engage in the profession. During this period he appears to have courted the muses, for he published without a name a small poetical miscellany.

Having left Oxford, he was determined to roam abroad through the world. At London, at Bath, and at other places of public resort, he was seen, and often noticed. Nor did he forget his beloved poetry. His *Judgment of Hercules*, published in 1740, and addressed to Lord Lyttleton, is a pleasing composition, full of instruction to the rising generation. Two years afterwards appeared his *Schoolmistress*, in the manner of Spencer, and replete with amiable sentiments. Shenstone had learned to read

of an old dame—her virtues therefore are duly celebrated. '*To parents, teachers, and God all-sufficient, no adequate returns can be made,*' is a Spanish proverb: this seems to have been the opinion of the poet, and his good old *school-mistress* he has handed down to posterity.

In 1745 the person who had the care of his fortune dying, he came to the full possession of his estate, and henceforwards his life assumed one even tenor, employing himself in the cultivation of his estate, and occasionally occupying himself in the composition of poetry. His estate, the *Leasowes*, (like Piercefield, in the vicinity of Chepstow, Monmouthshire, possessed formerly by the generous but unfortunate Morris,) were once famous for their elegance and rural scenery. Dr. Johnson has described this portion of his history (which is indeed the longest portion of his life) with his usual felicity. We shall transcribe it:—

"Now was excited his delight in rural pleasures, and his ambition of rural elegance: he began from this time to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great, and the admiration of the skilful—a place to be visited by travellers, and copied by designers. Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden, demands any great powers of mind, I will not enquire; perhaps a sullen and surly speculator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason. But it

must be at least confessed, that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement; and some praise must be allowed by the most supercilious observer to him who does best what such multitudes are contending to do well.

"This praise was the praise of SHENSTONE; but, like all other modes of felicity, it was not enjoyed without its abatements. Lyttleton was his neighbour and his rival, whose empire, spacious and opulent, looked with disdain on the *petty state* that *appeared behind it*. For a while the inhabitants of Hagley affected to tell their acquaintance of the little fellow that was trying to make himself admired; but when by degrees the Leasowes forced themselves into notice, they took care to defeat the curiosity which they could not suppress, by conducting their visitants perversely to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception—injuries of which Shenstone would heavily complain. Where there is emulation there will be vanity, and where there is vanity there will be folly.

"The pleasure of Shenstone was all in his eye—he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fishes in his water.

"His house was mean, and he did not improve it—his care was of his grounds: when he came home from his walks he might find his floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof, but could spare no money for its reparation.

"In time his expences brought clamours about him, that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's song, and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fawns and fairies. He spent his estate in adorning it, and his death was probably hastened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing. It is said, that if he had

lived a little longer he would have been assisted by a pension: such bounty could not have been ever more properly bestowed; but that it was ever asked is not certain—it is too certain that it never was enjoyed.

"He was never married, though he might have obtained the lady, whoever she was, to whom his *Pastoral Ballad* was addressed. He is represented by his friend Dodsley as a man of great tenderness and generosity, kind to all that were within his influence, but if once offended not easily appeased; inattentive to œconomy, and careless of his expences; in his person larger than the middle size, with something clumsy in his form; very negligent of his clothes, and remarkable for wearing his grey hair in a particular manner—for he held that the fashion was no rule of dress, and that every man was to suit his appearance to his natural form.

"His mind was not very comprehensive, nor his curiosity active; he had no value for those parts of knowledge which he had not himself cultivated."

This picture of SHENSTONE has been acknowledged faithful, though we regret that so amiable a man should not have enjoyed a purer felicity.—Passing his life in the manner above described, he died of a putrid fever at the Leasowes, February 11, 1763, and was buried by the side of his brother in the church-yard of Hales-Owen, the place where we have already mentioned that he received his grammar-school education.

His *Poems* (which, though small, are numerous) consist of elegies, odes, ballads, humourous sallies, and moral pieces. Of each kind we shall take a cursory survey:—

His *elegies* are peculiarly plaintive, but not characterised by sufficient variety. His topics of praise are the domestic virtues, and his thoughts

possess purity and simplicity. His conception of an elegy, however, was, in the opinion of an eminent critic, well explained.

His *odes* are light and airy; "They trip," says Johnson, "lightly and nimbly along without the load of any weighty meaning:" *Rural Elegance* indeed must be excepted, which is fraught with sentiment of a pleasant and attractive kind.

His *pastoral ballad* has been much and deservedly admired; it has a simplicity which captivates and finds its way to the heart. The lines chosen as a motto to the present biographical memoirs, may be adduced as a fair specimen; justly has it been remarked—"these are passages to which if any mind denies its sympathy, it has no acquaintance with love or nature." In the same ballad are also found the following stanzas, which have been commended for their neatness:

"I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed—
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed!

"For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And *I lov'd her the more*, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from *her* tongue!"

His *humourous pieces* are lively, and his *moral pieces* are instructive. The *School-mistress* indeed has been reckoned the most pleasing of his performances. To close, in the words of Dr. Johnson—"The general recommendation of SHENSTONE is easiness and simplicity—his general defect, want of comprehension and variety."

Islington. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LXI.]

THE FARMER'S BOY,

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Sweet then the ploughman's slumbers, hale and young,
When the last topic dies upon his tongue,
Sweet then the bliss his transient dreams inspire,
Till chilblains wake him, or the snapping fire.

WINTER.

HAVING carried our readers through *Spring*, *Summer*, and *Autumn*, we proceed to WINTER—that dreary season which threatens man and beast with destruction. The scenes, however desolating, are full of instruction. Of this circumstance the poet seems fully apprised; and it is impossible not to be delighted with the pictures here laid before us—they are drawn by the hand of fidelity.

The introductory lines are beautiful—we must transcribe them:

With kindred pleasures mov'd, and cares opprest,
Sharing alike our weariness and rest,
Who lives the daily partner of our hours,
Thro' every change of heat, and frost, and show'rs,
Partakes our cheerful meals—partaking first
In mutual labour and in mutual thirst:
The kindly intercourse will ever prove
A bond of amity and social love!

Having described the farm-house, the *fire side* is thus pourtrayed:

Flat on the *hearth* the glowing embers lie,
And flames reflected dance in ev'ry eye;
There the long billet forc'd at last to bend,
While frothing sap gushes at either end,
Throws round its welcome heat—the ploughman smiles,
And oft the joke runs hard on sheepish Giles,
Who sits joint tenant of the corner-stool,
The converse sharing, tho' in duty's school—
For now attentively 'tis his to hear
Interrogations from the master's chair!

The subject of the *ploughman's dreams* is thus picturesquely drawn:

He starts—and ever thoughtful of his team,
Along the glitt'ring snow a feeble gleam
Shoots from his lantern as he yawning goes,
To add fresh comforts to their night's repose,
Diffusing fragrance as their food he moves,
And pats the jolly sides of those he loves.
Thus full replenish'd, perfect ease possest,
From night till morn alternate food and rest;
No rightful cheer withheld, no sleep debarr'd,
Their each day's labour brings its sure reward.

The sufferings of the *post-horse* are most pathetically depicted; we feel for the poor beast—his case excites within the breast sentiments of the sincerest commiseration:

Ah! well for him if here his sufferings ceas'd,
And ample hour of rest his pains appeas'd;
But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes;
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or thro' his frame reviving ardor burn,
Come forth he must, tho' limping, maim'd, and sore,
He hears the whip—the chaise is at the door!

The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd; again the wheels
With tiresome sameness in his ears resound
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.
Thus nightly robb'd, and injur'd day by day,
His piece-meal murd'rers wear his life away!

We are also much pleased with the account of the *grisly spectre* which turned out to be an aged ash, and of course all fears were completely dissipated:

The happy thought alleviates his pain,
He creeps another step, then stops again,
Till slowly, as his noiseless feet draw near,
Its perfect lineaments at once appear—
Its crown of shiv'ring ivy whispering peace,
And its white bark that fronts the moon's pale face.
Now, whilst his blood mounts upwards, now he knows
The solid gain that from conviction flows,
And strengthen'd confidence shall hence fulfil
With conscious innocence more valu'd still.
The dreariest task that wintry nights can bring,
By church-yard dark, or grove, or fairy ring,
Still buoying up the timid mind of youth,
Till loit'ring reason hoists the scale of truth.
With these blest guardians *Giles* his course pursues,
Till numb'ring his heavy sided ewes,
Surrounding stillness tranquillise his breast,
And shape the dreams that wait his hours of rest!

The *conclusion* is highly characteristic of the termination of the year, and of the pleasure which hope sheds in the heart at the contemplation a fresh period, now about to bless the human race:—

Ee'n *Giles*, for all his cares and watchings past,
And all his contests with the wintry blast,

Claims a full share of that sweet praise bestow'd
By gazing neighbours, when along the road
Or village green—his curly-coated throng
Suspends the chorus of the spinners's song,
When admiration's unaffected grace
Lisps from the tongue and beams in every face.
Delightful moments! sunshine, health, and joy
Play around and cheer the elevated boy!
"Another spring!" his heart exulting cries,
"Another year" with promis'd blessings rise!
ETERNAL POWER! from whom those blessings flow,
Teach me still more to wonder, more to know—
Seed-time and harvest let me see again,
Wander the leaf-strown wood, the frozen plain;
Let the first flow'r, corn-waving field, plain tree,
Here round my home still lift my heart to THEE—
And let me ever midst thy bounties raise
An humble note of thankfulness and praise!

Thus have we run through the four parts of the *Farmer's Boy*, SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, and WINTER. Our extracts cannot fail of being pleasing to readers of taste and sensibility. That we have spoken too highly of the poem few will assert—it has been spoken of in high terms of approbation by the most respectable periodical publications, and has been received with great eclat by the world. We shall next proceed to the examination of the ingenious author's *second* volume; an analysis of its contents will, we are persuaded, impart no small degree of gratification.

Islington. J. E.

CHARACTER
OF
LEWIS XVI. AND HIS CONSORT.

FROM SOULAVIE'S MEMOIRS, JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS prince, in his youth (says the writer), had an austere deportment, was grave, reserved, and frequently blunt, without any taste for play or entertainments accompanied with noise, and so habitually addicted to truth, that he was never known to tell a lie. He employed himself chiefly in copying and afterwards in composing geographical charts, and in polishing iron with a file.

When he became dauphin, Madame Adélaide attempted to introduce him into the council, that he might be initiated in the knowledge of public affairs. Lewis XV. opposed this overture, and was often heard to say, "I should be glad to know how Berry will be able to extricate himself from them:" it was thus that he named him.

Timidity, beneficence, and modesty, were the three first characteristics which the Duke of Berry manifested when he became Dauphin of France. He repulsed flattery, he gave ear to the complaints of the unfortunate, he desired to know the particulars of their case, he took pleasure in observing the workmen who were employed at the castle or in the gardens, and would frequently assist them in raising a heavy stone or a beam which they could not well manage. By dint of filing or hammering, he became an expert workman in the making of locks. The dauphiness, on seeing him with his hands all black, called him by no other name than *my god Vulcan.*—Why have they reproached him with this

innocent employment as a crime? Did not Lewis XV. sometimes act the part of a cook, &c.?

At the death of Lewis XV. France was so tired of his reign, that in every quarter his grandson Lewis XVI. was publicly called by the name of *Lewis the Desired*. . . . But the partisans of the old court did not relish this title; they opposed to it that of *Lewis the Beneficent*; and this qualification was generally adopted in works of poetry, in official compliments, and private conversation. . . . .

Lewis XVI. was severe and mistrustful towards she nobility of his court. He was not fond of the great. He discovered no taste for noisy pleasures, for balls, gaming, shows, pageantry, and still less for libertinism. He felt no attraction in royal authority, which was always burdensome to him. He was, however, much attached to the glory of his house; he dreaded the undertaking of any enterprize which might tarnish its lustre; he was penetrated with the instructions of his father against the views of the House of Austria, and the principles of the Duke of Choiseul; and his life was a perpetual and secret struggle, in which he was supported by the Duke of Vergennes, against the ambition of his consort. The spies whom Lewis XVI. retained in the cabinet of Vienna, constantly represented this princess as Austrian, both by character and principle, in the palace of Versailles. He lived with her, nevertheless, as a good husband; but, like a King of France, was always vigilant with regard to the views of the House of Austria, and attempted to elude them. Of this we shall exhibit some proofs.

When Lewis XVI. ascended the throne, he was about nineteen years and nine months old: he had then been married four years. He had no taste for gallantry, and he avoided the company of women of seductive dispositions. . . . . He was

diffident in the company of women, very little adapted to please them, being deficient in the graces, and loving no other than Maria Antoinetta, his consort.

Lewis XVI. was distinguished by such a peculiarity of character, that it may, in some measure, be said, there were in him two men, a man who *knows*, and a man who *wills*. . . .

His memory was very extensive, as the following instance will convince us:—He was one day presented with a long account, in the statement of which the minister had placed an article of expenditure which had been inserted in the account of the preceding year. "Here is a double entry," said the king, "bring me the account of last year, and I will shew you that this article is placed in it."

When the king was thoroughly acquainted with all the particulars of an affair, and discovered any violation of justice he was severe even to a degree of brutality. A flagrant act of injustice made him overleap the ordinary bounds of his character; he would then insist upon being obeyed that moment, both to make sure of atonement, and to prevent any similar misconduct in future.

But in the great affairs of state, the king who *wills*, who *commands*, was not to be found in this monarch. Lewis XVI. was, upon the throne, nothing superior to those private persons whom we meet with in society, so weak in intellectual faculties, that nature has rendered them incapable of forming an opinion. In the midst of his pusillanimity, he placed his confidence entirely in a particular minister; and though, among the variety of opinions delivered in his cabinet-council, he well knew which was the best, he never once had the resolution to say, "I prefer the advice of such a

one." Here lay the copious source of national misfortune.

He was endowed with an understanding methodical and analytical: he divided his compositions into chapters and sections. He had extracted from the works of Nicole and Fenelon (his favourite authors) between three and four hundred short sentimental phrases, which he had arranged according to the subjects, and had composed of them a second work, in the taste and manner of Montesquieu;—the title which he gave to this treatise was, *Of a temperate Monarchy*—with some chapters, entitled, *Of the Person of the Prince—Of the Authority of the different Branches of a State—Of the Character and Exercise of the executive Power of a Monarchy, &c.* If he could have carried into execution all that he perceived of the beautiful and grand in Fenelon, Lewis XVI. would have been an accomplished monarch—France would have been a powerful monarchy. He was endowed with a spirit of foresight, of which his ministers were totally destitute—as he alone beheld from a distance the destiny and ruin of France.

In one of the letters sent him by his minister, M. Turgot, (who was piqued because the king refused to adopt his plan of reform) is written, that the fate of "Charles I. or of Charles IX. is that of all monarchs who are governed by flatterers."—Lewis XVI. returned this letter, under a cover sealed with the small seal royal, with the following inscription in his own hand: 'Letter of M. Turgot.' He had translated from the English (a language very familiar to him) the defence of Richard III. who was accused of crimes of which he was innocent.

The Count d'Artois, who, from a habit of gaming, was accustomed to play high, wished to excite in his brother the same kind of passion. "Will

you bet a thousand double louis-d'ors?" said the Count d'Artois to him one day. "I will play with you with all my heart," replied the king, "but I bet no more than a crown—you are too rich to play with me." He could not bear to see persons play high at his court.

Another time, M. d'Angivillers, while the king was on a journey, ordered some repairs to be made in the small apartments. These repairs cost thirty thousand francs. The king, on his return, being informed of the expence, made the whole castle resound with cries and complaints against the extravagance of M. d'Angivillers: "I might have made thirty families happy with the sum," said Lewis.

The four first years that Maria Antoinetta lived in France are the only happy years that she passed in that country. The young dauphiness had an angelic figure; the clearness of her complexion was remarkable, the colours were lively and distinct, her features regular, her shape slender; but her eyes, though beautiful, were liable to continual fluxions. She had the Austrian under-lip. She was of a caressing disposition, cheerful, attentive to please, and well instructed by her mother how to make herself beloved by all the court, had she chosen to follow her lessons. The pulpits, the academies, the most distinguished societies, the journals, almanacs of the muses, all lavished upon her their applause. Flattery had as yet retained in France the forms and the tone of the interesting reign of Lewis XIV.

Maria Antoinetta had been educated by her mother to be one day Queen of France. She became acquainted at Vienna with our fashions, our usages, our ceremonials; but she was hardly arrived at Versailles when she began to rid herself of every circumstance that imposed upon her any restraint.

She went abroad on foot, accompanied by one or two ladies of her court, her gentleman-usher walking at a distance behind. She invited her brothers-in-law to dinner and supper, and accepted of the same entertainments from them, without any parade. She was affable, humane, sympathising, and often delicate in her beneficence. A stag, which had been wounded during a chase, when the king was present, struck with his horns a poor peasant. The dauphiness, on hearing of the incident, flew to his assistance, took the wife into her carriage, loaded her with kindness, and granted her a pension.

The more the young queen was handsome, amiable, insinuating, bold, rash, frivolous in her taste and desires, ambitious of dominion, and jealous of her title of archduchess, which she displayed on every occasion, so much as to be noticed by the court, they likewise became the more haughty, affecting the superb style of the best years of the reign of Lewis XV. Who could believe that the five princesses (the three aunts and two sisters-in-law) entertained against the queen such a violent animosity, that they strove with each other who should most calumniate her private life? Whatever one suggested, another confirmed, and a third subjoined her authority to render the anecdotes incontestible.

The queen, on her part, carried her vindictive resentment so far as to intimate suspicions with regard to the virtue of Madame and the Countess of Artois. To such a length was perfidy extended, that impartial observers of these intrigues accused Maria Antoinetta of having been in league with the men of gallantry, and even with the guards, who exposed Madame d'Artois before the public towards the last years of the monarchy.

Maria Theresa joined the king in diverting the

queen's taste from trifles, which she began so early to display. The queen sent her her portrait ornamented with large and beautiful feathers. Maria Theresa returned it with the following note: "I would have accepted with great pleasure the portrait of the Queen of France, but I cannot accept of one which represents to me only an actress."—Nothing could prevail with Maria Antoinetta to renounce these ridiculous ornaments.

MARRIAGE.

(Concluded from page 283.)

THIRDLY,

BY early marriage, *domestic bliss, which alone can render marriage happy, is more likely to be secured, since our dispositions in early life are more yielding and pliable.* Mutual forbearance is an absolute essential for conjugal bliss: sincerity of disposition and habit is undoubtedly requisite—but no tempers ever approximated so near but what there remained great room for mutual forbearance and yielding. The gracious Sovereign of the universe has ordained in very distinct terms, that supremacy in decision and will should belong to the husband; this point being fixed, is admirably calculated to allay any jealousy that might arise between the sexes relative to right of judgment. But let no husband suppose that this circumstance gives him any right to lord it over his fair companion with austere authority; while wives are enjoined by Scripture to obey their husbands, husbands are commanded to love their wives, and not to be bitter against them; and while a good wife will never from interest, duty, and affection wilfully disoblige her husband, a husband who really loves his

partner will never enjoin any thing notoriously disagreeable to her inclinations. When real affection reigns between two persons, each of them not only finds it their mutual *interest* to yield and accommodate, but finds a *pleasure* in doing so.

> Devoting all
> To love, each is to each a dearer self,
> Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
> Of giving joy.

The idea of individual right is lost in the effusions of joint affections. In order, however, to the exercise of this forbearance, a yielding disposition is evidently needful; and of all periods of life youth is certainly the time for gaining this desirable habit. After persons have lived single for some years, they naturally acquire a sternness, which would have been softened by constant intercourse with a dear companion. Having none to contradict them or to reason with them, they acquire notions and prejudices the most singular and disgusting. They not unfrequently feel little or no desire for changing their situation; or if in some unguarded hour they are induced to change, it appears to arise more from a wish of novelty than from the ardor of affection. All the prejudices they have been years acquiring, they find hard to give up; having always had their own way, they find it not very easy to give way to their new companion. With young people the case is far different—they not only have fewer prejudices to overturn, but among other acquisitions they insensibly gain a habit of pleasing and yielding.

Early marriage is, lastly, desirable from the greater chance it affords us of seeing our children settled in the world before we ourselves die. Life is uncertain—the youngest often drops the soonest, but, according to human calculation, those who are

early in life parents, generally see their children grown up before their decease. Those who delay marriage, on the contrary, till late in life, seldom see the maturity of their younger children; and this, when on their death-bed, must be a source of some uneasiness. A good man, in one sense, regrets not to die—his country being beyond the grave, he even welcomes death; but though his prospect as to futurity is bright, he cannot take leave of all his dear connections without some remorse: he cannot part with one who has been for some time dear to him as his own soul, and fly to a region which, however bright in description, is yet unknown, without casting (as the poet says) "a ling'ring look behind." When he considers that he is soon to leave the dear partner of his bed, the dear divider of his griefs, the dear augmenter of his joys, some sorrow naturally must affect his heart; but when in addition to this he sees around his bed some sprung from his own loins, not arrived at maturity, the scene becomes more deeply sabled: he then knows that his dear friend will not only be left, but will be left with a heavy charge to superintend and settle; and reflects, that after all her care and attention, they may perchance be seduced from virtue and become the prey to misery. Such thoughts as these are sufficient to render in a great degree uneasy the dying pillow of the most pious and resigned. And to such thoughts are those exposed who defer the matrimonial engagements so late in life. Those who marry early generally are spared this pang; they leave indeed their partner exposed to an unfriendly world—but the children, instead of being a charge on her, are capable of alleviating her misfortunes by their words of consolation and actions of love. This gives them pleasure—to which may be added the comfort of knowing that their offspring are so far matured in

years and experience as to be aware of the allurements of the world, to be in some measure proof against them, and by having pious principles, are enabled to act their parts in life with honor and comfort, and to look forward beyond the grave with hopes full of immortality.

An objection to early marriage has been started which deserves notice. It is urged by some people that none ought to marry till they have a suitable provision for a family. What is meant by a suitable provision appears to be a *sufficiency* to enable them to live in a *certain rank* of life. When there is no such provision, marriage (say these advocates for delay) is wrong. But while this objection is urged, upon the ground of preventing a family being exposed to difficulty from a want of some of the luxuries of life, it is an objection which, if strictly attended to, would expel marriage entirely from the *lower classes* in society. If those only are to marry who can maintain their families in a certain degree of splendour, it is evident that many must never taste conjugal felicity: but it is a happiness to man, and an honor to God, that bliss is not confined to any rank of life. If we for a moment exclude from our sight the starving vagrants, we do not find any who may not be chearful. Great is the difference in the tone of life adopted by the prince and the peasant—but I verily believe happiness with the latter is as exquisite as with the former: the prince can command the universe—but he has artificial wants which the stores of the universe cannot satisfy; the peasant has only his daily crust, but that supplies the wants of nature: the family of the one can roll in their carriages—but they are eat up with the disorders of luxury, or dwindled to dwarfs by debility; the family of the other toil for their bread—but they are healthy and vigorous. When we consider that happiness is not confined to

any particular rank, but that where *contentment* is there is *bliss*, I think this objection to early marriage is futile. Marriage, says the apostle, is honorable to all: no exception of rank is here made. It is better to marry than to burn: this is a remark addressed to all mankind. When young people, therefore, are attached, let them be united. *Cotton* has obviated this objection—take his advice:—

Our fortune is not large indeed,
But *then, how little do we need*—
For *nature's calls are few.*
In this the art of living lies—
To *want* no more than may suffice,
And make *that little* do!
We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r:
For if our fortune be but small,
'Tis *prudent to enjoy it all,*
Nor lose the present hour.

But while so much has been said in support of early marriage, let no young people enter into this state without thoroughly understanding the nature of the institution. Not wishing needlessly to enlarge, I would refer the reader for an illustration of this part of the subject to an essay on marriage to be found in the second volume of the Visitor, in the year 1799; and I shall conclude with the pointed idea of Mr. Fellowes on this subject, inserted in his admirable work, a Picture of Christian Philosophy:—"*Whenever matrimony is entered into without any religious considerations of the duties it enjoins, it is a sensual, profane, and unhallowed connection. Every marriage which is not contracted from a sense of mutual esteem, which is not sublimed by the endearments of sympathy, and hallowed by the spirit of piety—is vitally and essentially prostitution!*"

Hackney, March 2, 1802. J. FULLAGAR.

To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

Sir,

The following Extract, taken from a judicious and pleasing SKETCH OF THE AMERICAN WAR *by* Hannah Adams, *is deserving of attention—it alludes to the* Defeat of the Americans by the British, *August* 27, 1776, *on Long Island, and celebrates the Virtues of a* CHARACTER *who ought not to have been thus forgotten by his Country.*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Islington, JOHN EVANS.
April 12, 1802.

Thus, while fond virtue wished in vain to save,
HALE, bright and generous, found a hapless grave;
With genius' living flame his bosom glow'd,
And science charm'd him to her sweet abode.
In worth's fair path his feet adventur'd far,
The pride of peace, the rising grace of war.
In duty firm, in danger calm as even,
To friends unchanging, and sincere to Heaven.
How short his course, the prize how early won—
While weeping friendship mourns her favourite gone.

DWIGHT.

AFTER this unfortunate engagement, General Washington called a council of war, who determined upon an immediate retreat to New-York. The intention was prudently concealed from the army, who knew not whither they were going, but imagined it was to attack the enemy. The field artillery, tents, baggage, and about 9000 men, were conveyed to the city of New-York, over East-

river, more than a mile wide, in less than thirteen hours, and without the knowledge of the British, though not six hundred yards distant. Providence in a remarkable manner favored the retreating army. The wind, which seemed to prevent the troops getting over at the appointed hour, afterwards shifted to their wishes; towards morning an extreme thick fog came on, which hovered over Long-island, and, by concealing the Americans, enabled them to complete their retreat without interruption, though the day had begun to dawn some time before it was finished. In about half an hour after the island was finally abandoned, the fog cleared off, and the British were seen taking possession of the American lines.

Perhaps the fate of America was never suspended on a more brittle thread than previously to this memorable retreat. A spectacle is here presented of an army, destined for the defence of a great continent, driven to the narrow borders of an island, with a victorious army of double its number in front, with navigable waters in its rear; constantly liable to have its communication cut off by the enemy's navy, and every moment exposed to an attack. The presence of mind which animated the commander-in-chief in this critical situation, the prudence with which all the necessary measures were executed, redounded as much or more to his honor than the most brilliant victories. An army, to which America looked for safety, preserved—a general, who was considered as an host himself, saved for the future necessities of his country!—Had not, however, the circumstances of the night, of the wind and weather, been favorable, the plan, however well concerted, must have been defeated. To a good Providence, therefore, are the people of America indebted for the complete success of an enterprize so important in its consequences.

This retreat left the British in complete possession of Long-island. What could be their future operations remained uncertain. To obtain information of their situation, their strength, and future movements, was of high importance. For this purpose General Washington applied to Colonel Knowlton, who commanded a regiment of light infantry, which formed the van of the American army, and desired him to adopt some mode of gaining the necessary information. Col. Knowlton communicated this request to CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE, of Connecticut, who was then a captain in his regiment.

This young officer, animated by a sense of duty, and considering that an opportunity presented itself by which he might be useful to his country, at once offered himself a volunteer for this hazardous service. He passeed in disguise to Long-island, examined every part of the British army, and obtained the best possible information respecting their situation and future operations.

In his attempt to return he was apprehended, carried before Sir William Howe, and the proof of his object was clear, that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his views.

Sir William Howe at once gave an order to the provost marshal to execute him the next morning.

This order was accordingly executed in a most unfeeling manner, and by as great a savage as ever disgraced humanity. A clergyman, whose attendance he desired, was refused him; a bible for a few moments devotion was not procured, although he requested it. Letters, which, on the morning of his execution, he wrote to his mother and other friends, were destroyed; and this very extraordinary reason given by the provost marshal, "that the rebels should not know they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness."

Unknown to all around him, without a single friend to offer him the least consolation, thus fell as amiable and as worthy a young man as America could boast, with this, as his dying observation—that "he only lamented that he had but one life to lose for his country."

Although the manner of this execution will ever be abhorred by every friend to humanity and religion, yet there cannot be a question but that the sentence was conformable to the rules of war and the practice of nations in similar cases.

It is, however, a justice due to the character of CAPTAIN HALE to observe, that his motives for engaging in this service were entirely different from those which generally influence others in similar circumstances.

Neither expectation of promotion, nor pecuniary reward, induced him to this attempt. A sense of duty, a hope that he might in this way be useful to his country, and an opinion which he had adopted, that every kind of service necessary to the public good became honorable by being necessary—were the great motives which induced him to engage in an enterprize by which his connexions lost a most amiable friend, and his country one of its most promising supporters.

The fate of this most unfortunate young man excites the most interesting reflections.

To see such a character, in the flower of youth, cheerfully treading in the most hazardous paths, influenced by the purest intentions, and only emulous to do good to his country, without the imputation of a crime, fall a victim to policy, must have been wounding to the feelings even of his enemies.

Should a comparison be drawn between Major Andre and CAPTAIN HALE, injustice would be

done to the latter should he not be placed on an equal ground with the former. Whilst almost *every historian of the American revolution* has celebrated the virtues and lamented the fate of *Andre*, HALE has remained unnoticed, and it is scarcely known such a character existed!

To the memory of *Andre*, his country have erected the most magnificent monuments, and bestowed on his family the highest honors and most liberal rewards. To the memory of HALE, not a stone has been erected, nor an inscription to preserve his ashes from insult!!

GENERAL O'HARA.

WE sincerely lament the death of that gallant veteran, General O'Hara, which happened on the 21st of February, at Gibraltar, after an illness of six months, during which he suffered the most excruciating tortures from his wounds breaking out afresh, and a dreadful stranguary which followed. The account was brought to the secretary of state's office by Captain Gaitskell, of the Cambrian Rangers, aid-du-camp to the general.

He has left by his will his brother, Mr. Bownas, his agent; Mr. Raleigh (his late secretary) and Captain Hope, his trustees: and vested in them his property in the funds, amounting to near 70,000*l.* in trust to pay annuities to two ladies, and two children whom he has left by each of them, with the benefit of survivorship, and inheritance of the whole to the longest liver of each family. To his trustees he has left a residuary property that will amount to about 700*l.* each, and which is all his brother takes by the will. To his black servant

Moyse, he has left his furniture, plate, linen, china, &c. and a legacy in money out of his floating cash, that will altogether amount to the value of 7000*l.* and upwards; his plate is particularly valuable, several articles of great price having been presented to him at different periods by public bodies, as tokens of their esteem—one piece particularly, presented by the merchants of Gibraltar, is valued at 1000*l.* sterling.

The general's death is much lamented at Gibraltar. Few men possessed the happy combination of rare talents the general did—he was a brave and enterprising soldier, a strict disciplinarian, and a polite and accomplished gentleman. At the garrison he kept up a degree of hospitality little known there till his taking the government; from 15 to 20 covers were laid daily, and the elegance of the entertainment could only be equalled by the cheerful attention of the hospitable entertainer.

Various are the reports as to the person who is to succeed to the government. Sir Thomas Trigge and General Fox are spoken of as having had the promise; others, again, say that one of the royal dukes had expressed a wish to take the government; but no successor will be appointed until the vacancy is officially made known to his Majesty.

By the death of General O'Hara there is also a vacancy in the 74th regiment, of which he was colonel.

REMARKS ON THE CHARACTERS

OF THE

COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

From Swift's Works, just published.

(The original Characters are printed in Roman, Swift's Remarks in Italics.)

(Continued from page 249.)

EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

THIS gentleman is endued with a great deal of learning, virtue *(no)*, and good sense *(no)*; very honest, and zealous for the liberty of the people.

EARL OF STAMFORD.

Is one of the branches of the Greys, a noble family in England. He does not want sense; but, by reason of a defect in his speech, wants elocution; is a very honest man himself, but very suspicious of every body that is not of his party, for which he is very zealous; jealous of the power of the clergy, who, he is afraid, may some time or other influence our civil government. From a good estate he is become very poor, and much in debt; he is something above the middle stature, aad turned of 50 years old. *He looked and talked like a very weak man; but it was said he spoke well in council.*

EARL OF THANET.

HE is a good country gentleman, a great assertor of the prerogatives of the monarchy and the church;

a thin, tall, black, red-faced man, turned of 60 years old. *Of great piety and charity.*

EARL OF SANDWICH.

OF very ordinary parts; married the witty Lord Rochester's daughter, who makes him very expensive; a tall, thin, black man, about 35 years old. *As much a puppy as ever I saw, very ugly, and a fop.*

EARL OF RANELAGH.

HE is a bold man, and very happy in jests and repartees; and has often turned the humour of the House of Commons, when they have designed to have been very severe. He is very fat, black, and turned of 60 years old. *The vainest old fool I ever saw.*

LORD LUCAS.

HE is every way a plain man, yet took a great deal of pains to seem knowing and wise; every body pitied him, when the queen turned him out, for seeming good nature and real poverty; he is very fat, very expensive, and very poor; turned of 50 years old. *A good plain humdrum.*

EARL OF WINCHELSEA.

HE loves jests and puns *(I never observed it)*, and that sort of low wit; is of short stature, well shaped, with a very handsome countenance. *Being very poor, he complied too much with the party he hated.*

LORD POFLET OF HINTON.

HE is certainly one of the hopefullest gentlemen in England; is very learned, virtuous, and a man of honor, much esteemed in the country for his generous way of living with the gentry, and his cha-

rity to the poorer sort. He makes but a mean figure in his person, is of a middle stature, fair complexion, not handsome, nor 30 years old. *This character is fair enough.*

LORD TOWNSHEND.

Is a gentleman of great learning, attended with a sweet disposition; a lover of the constitution of his country; is beloved by every body that knows him *(I except one)*; and when once employed in the administration of public affairs, may show himself a great man. He is tall and handsome; about 30 years old.

LORD DARTMOUTH.

He sets up for a critic in conversation, makes jests, and loves to laugh at them; takes a great deal of pains in his office, and is in a fair way of rising at court; is a short thick man, of a fair complexion, turned of 34 years old. *This is fair enough writ; but he has but little sincerity.*

LORD WHARTON.

One of the completest gentlemen in England; has a very clear understanding, and manly expression, with abundance of wit. He is brave in his person, much of a libertine, of a midle stature, fair complexion, and 50 years old. *The most universal villain I ever knew.*

LORD MAHON.

He is brave in his person, bold in his expressions, and rectifies as fast as he can the slips of his youth by acts of honesty; which he now glories in more than he was formerly extravagant. *He was little better than a conceited talker in company.*

EARL OF KENT.

Is the first branch of the ancient family of Grey. The present gentleman was much esteemed, when Lord Ruthen; was always very moderate, has good sense, and a good estate—which, with his quality, must make him always bear a considerable figure in the nation. He is a handsome man, not above 40 years old. *He seems a good natured man, but of very little consequence.*

EARL OF LINDSAY.

A FINE gentleman—has both wit and learning. *I never observed a grain of either.*

EARL OF ABINGDON.

A GENTLEMAN of fine parts, makes a good figure in the counties of Oxford and Buckingham, is very high for the monarchy and church, of a black complexion, past 40 years old. *Very covetous.*

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

HE is very subtle and cunning, never entered into the measures of King William; nor ever will, in any probability, make any great appearance in any other reign. He is above 60 years old. *If it be old Chesterfield, I have heard he was the greatest knave in England.*

EARL OF BERKELEY.

A GENTLEMAN of learning, parts, and a lover of the constitution of his country; a short fat man, 50 years old. *Intolerably lazy and indolent, and somewhat covetous.*

EARL OF FEVERSHAM.

A THIRD son of the family of Duras in France;

he came over with one of the Duke of York's family; is a middle-statured brown man, turned of 50 years old. *He was a very dull old fellow.*

EARL OF GRANTHAM.

HE was a very pretty gentleman, fair complexioned, and past 30 years old. *And good for nothing.*

LORD DE LA WARR.

A FREE jolly gentleman, turned of 40 years old. *Of very little sense; but formal, and well stocked with the low kind of the lowest politics.*

LORD LEXINGTON.

HE is of good understanding, and very capable to be in the ministry; a well-bred gentleman, and an agreeable companion; handsome, of a brown complexion; 40 years old. *A very moderate degree of understanding.*

LORD GREY OF WERK.

A SWEET disposed gentleman. He joined King William at the revolution, and is a zealous assertor of the liberties of the people; a thin, brown, handsome man, middle stature, turned of 40 years old. *Had very little in him.*

LORD CHANDOS.

WAS warm against King William's reign, and does not make any great figure in this; but his son, Mr. Bridges,* does, being a member of the House of Commons, one of the counsellors to the prince, and a very worthy gentleman. *But a great complier with every court.*

* Afterwards Duke of Chandos.

LORD GUILDFORD.

Is son to the Lord Keeper North, has been abroad, does not want sense nor application to business, and his genius leads him that way. He is fat, fair, of middle stature, and past 30 years old. *A mighty silly fellow.*

LORD GRIFFIN.

HAVING followed King James's fortunes, is now in France. He was always a great sportsman, and brave; a good companion, turned of 60 years old. *His son is a plain drunken fellow.*

LORD CHOLMONDELEY.

THIS lord is a great lover of country sports; is handsome in his person, and turned of 40 years old. *Good for nothing as far as I ever knew.*

LORD BUTLER OF WESTON.

EARL of Arran in Ireland, and brother to the Duke of Ormond; of very good sense, though seldom shows it. Of a fair complexion, middle stature, toward 40 years old. *This is right; but he is the most negligent of his own affairs.*

MR. MANSEL.

HE is a gentleman of a good deal of wit and good nature; a lover of the ladies, and a pleasant companion; is very thin, of a fair complexion, middle stature, and turned of 30 years old. *Of very good nature, but a very moderate capacity.*

Epitome of Natural History.

NO. XII.

OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS GRANIVOROUS AND CARNIVOROUS.

In a former number of the Monthly Magazine we have the following interesting observations on birds of the above description, which claim our notice, and very properly rank in this department of our miscellany.

I HAVE read (says the writer) Dr. Lettsom's Observations on the Utility of Birds to the Farmer aud Agriculturalist, and I am convinced, from my own observations, that in a general view they are perfectly correct, and that birds, collectively taken, do infinitely more service than harm.

Perhaps, however, an useful distinction might be made with respect to the species which ought principally to be encouraged and protected. In this view we may divide the feathered tribe into granivorous and carnivorous, or more properly, insectivorous; those which are wholly or chiefly granivorous certainly do much mischief, and ought rather to be discouraged; while to the others every possible protection ought to be extended. The crow (as Dr. Lettsom judiciously observes) is both granivorous and carnivorous; but as they are, the carrion crow in particular, rather more of the latter character, they are deserving of kindness and attention; the rook least of all, since it eats the most corn. The magpie, too, is almost entirely carnivorous, and is one of the most useful creatures that exist. I always think, when I hear of one of their nests being destroyed by unlucky boys, that society

had lost so many friends. They are indefatigable in their pursuit of insects, and indeed almost subsist on the larger and destructive kinds, as slugs, caterpillars, &c. Next to the magpie, the blackbird is, of all the inhabitants of the woods, the most serviceable to man: he not only enlivens us with his charming song, but clears our gardens and our fields of their worst enemies. There ought to be a penalty on taking the nest of either the blackbird or the thrush, which, as well as the blackbird, subsists during the spring almost wholly on insects. The robin-red-breast stands in the same predicament: such is his appetite for insects, that he regularly follows the spade of the delver, and that often at a small distance; and probably not less from his utility than his pleasing familiar habits, is such a favourite with the country people. Among the insects on which he preys are some of the most destructive that exist; the several kinds of earth-grubs, the *larvæ* of insects of the beetle kind, and the *julus*, or hundred legs, a most pernicious insect, which, whenever it prevails, produce a tumor on the roots of cabbages, broccoli, &c. and entirely spoils the growth of the plant. Another singular benefactor to man is the swallow. A single bird of this genus, it is calculated, will destroy nearly five thousand moths and butterflies in a week; and if we consider the countless number of caterpillars these would have produced, can we do otherwise than hail the approach of these active friends, these cheerful and pleasant "harbingers of spring?" The nightingale is also entirely an insectivorous bird, and therefore deserves our regard as well for its useful exertions as its delightful song.

On the other hand, the pigeon is almost entirely a granivorous bird, and is one of the most destructive that I know; it is even a mischievous animal, and will destroy the buds of flowers and plants, even

where it does not eat them. The partridge is also granivorous and very destructive, as well as the pheasant, which is, however, less so than the partridge, being in some measure carnivorous. Of the small birds, I have found the common house-sparrow most mischievous; it is ruinous to the peas and other plants reared for seed in the autumn season. Next to the sparrow in this destructive class I reckon the tom-tit; and perhaps most of the hard-billed birds subsist on grain and seeds.

Of our domestic poultry, the common fowls are both granivorous and carnivorous; but where they can find grain, they will seldom take the trouble of looking for insects. The turkey and the Guinea-fowl are much fonder of insects than common fowls. But there is no animal so useful for destroying insects as the common duck. I am indeed satisfied that a farmer would find his account by keeping large flocks of them, and driving them into his corn fields when the corn is young, and more particularly among the turnips, which I am convinced are destroyed by the slug, and not by a fly, according to the vulgar notion.

Dr. Lettsom is certainly right, that frost is not such a destroyer of insects as is commonly supposed. My little garden is greatly infested with slugs; and as I am fond of cultivating curious and beautiful herbaceous plants, I have suffered very severely by them. This, however, I can affirm, that I have found them much more numerous after very severe seasons than I did last year, which was so remarkably mild. I, however, employed last winter two excellent gardeners of the duck species, and to their indefatigable exertions I might be chiefly indebted for this circumstance.

THE MAMMOTH.

Extracted from a Letter from Philadelphia, Jan. 3, 1802.

AS a piece of information, I enclose you an advertisement from Mr. Peale, relative to the mammoth—it is certainly one of the most extraordinary productions of nature; and a circumstance which appears to me not less extraordinary than its existence is, that every trace (except the few discovered bones) of so enormous an animal should be totally extinct.—The skeleton is rather more than *eleven* feet in height, so that when covered with flesh, we may imagine it could not be less than 12 feet. The tusks are *eleven* feet long, one of which Mr. Peale has in his possession, and from which he has formed the models attached to the skeleton. Mr. Peale has another skeleton nearly, if not quite as large as this, which he proposes to send to England in the spring. Some few of the bones which were missing he has carved in wood, but as what was deficient in the one existed for the most part in the other, he has formed a very accurate skeleton. I think when the philosophers of Europe see this stupendous frame, they will not consider nature here as on a small scale.

Yours, &c.

J. R. C.

Taken from a Paper published at Philadelphia, Dec. 23, 1801.

NINETY years have elapsed since the first remains of the mammoth were found in this country,

they were then thought to be the remains of a giant. Numerous have been the attempts by scientific characters of all nations to procure a satisfactory collection of bones: at length the subscriber has accomplished this great object, and now announces to the public that he is in possession of a complete skeleton of this antique wonder of North America; after a long, laborious, and uncertain enterprize, they were dug up in Orange and Ulster counties (state of New York), where they must have lain *certainly* many hundred years. No other vestige remains of these animals—nothing but a confused tradition among the natives of our country, which states their existence ten thousand moons ago; but whatever might have been the appearance of this ENORMOUS QUADRUPED when cloathed with flesh, his massy bones can alone lead us to imagine, already convinced that he was the largest of terrestrial beings.

C. W. PEALE.

WHITWORTH DOCTORS.

LATELY died at Whitworth, in Lancashire, Mr. Taylor, commonly known by the name of the *Whitworth Doctor*, and whose fame was so great as to procure him the honor of attending the brother of Lord Thurlow. The history of this man and his brother (who was his partner) is singularly curious.

By profession they were farriers, and to the last, if both a two-legged and a four-legged patient were presented at the same time, the doctor always preferred the four-legged one. Whether singularity of manners, or success in curing, gave them

eclat, the practice of the two brothers was immense, as may be well imagined from the orders they gave the druggists; they dealt principally with the late Ewbank and Wallis, of York; and a ton of Glauber's salt, with other articles in proportion, was their usual order.

On a Sunday morning the doctors used to bleed gratis. The patients were seated (often to the number of an hundred) on benches round a room, where troughs were placed to receive the blood; one of the doctors then went and tied up the arm of each patient, and was immediately followed by the other, who opened the vein.—Such a scene is easier conceived than described.

From their medical practice, the nice formality of scales and weights was banished—all was *rule of thumb*. An example of their practice may elucidate their claim to celebrity:—Being sent for to a patient who was in the last stage of a consumption, the learned doctor prescribed a *leg of mutton* to be boiled *secundum artem* into a very strong broth, a *quart* of which was to be taken at proper intervals. What might have been its success is not for us to say, as the patient died before the first dose was got got down.

As *bone-setters* they were remarkably skilful—and perhaps to their *real merit* in this, and the *cheapness* of their medicines, they were indebted for their great local fame.

For the Monthly Visitor.

THOUGHTS ON AMBITION.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

AMBITION has undoubtedly been grafted in our nature for the best purposes by the Almighty, but like other passions becomes prejudicial when suffered to obtain too great an ascendency; resembling the camelion, that receives its colour from the objects around, as ambition acquires either a good or bad texture from the contour of the mind in which it is implanted. History furnishes innumerable proofs of ambition's fatal effects.

This passion occasioned Cæsar to attempt enslaving his country, for which he paid the forfeit of life.

How many fell victims to the insatiable ambition of Alexander the Great, who, solely intent on conquest, regarded not the many sacrificed in the field of battle to his love of acquiring dominion.

The Roman Marius and Charles XII. of Sweden might be also mentioned.

The English history likewise evinces how often an ambitious and restless spirit has contributed to render miserable the possessors. Wolsey, Cromwell, and a long train of *et ceteras* could be quoted to prove the veracity of this assertion.

Few are they in human life not ambitious of arriving at excellence in some department: some wish to shine in the senate, others in the field. Each has his peculiar pursuit, against the attainment of which, when the desire is excessive, vainly does prudence admonish or conscience endeavour to re-

strain, every thing becomes sacrificed for the acquirement of our wish.

This is the time when ambition proves dangerous. But, on the contrary, it may be averred, that, devoid of this passion, many noble characters would have remained in oblivion, who, by the exertion of their abilities, have proved the lustre of society, and whose names have descended to posterity with honor. The truth of this assertion is obviously evident; and wretched must that mind be which, without a stimulus to exertion, suffers those abilities given him by his Creator to remain dormant.

Innumerable might be the personages deduced from history to evince this. Of ambition's astonishing effects, however, there are two instances in the present time, without referring to the heroes of ancient days—those alluded to are Bonaparte and Toussaint l'Overture. The former raised himself from a private station to become chief consul of France: and although his conduct, in thus usurping a power more extensive than that of monarchy, is perhaps censurable, yet it certainly evinces the difficulties which an enterprising mind can overcome.

In Toussaint there is a still more striking instance. Ambition made him break through the links of slavery; and although Europeans proudly boast their superiority over the black creation, yet, perhaps, there is not a more remarkable character than his in all the annals of the historic page. Unhappily, however, few in human life are able to restrain this passion within due bounds, for when once suffered to obtain an ascendency, it soon becomes a troublesome inmate, and where at first it was merely an incentive to emulate noble actions, in process of time it so absorbs all the inestimable qualities of the heart, that every virtue is finally subservient to its sway.

An ambitious desire of glory and fame may perhaps be excused—but that of wealth is indeed despicable. A love of lucre's fatal effects on many renowned characters, who have consented to barter their reputation and opinion for golden ore, must ever be regretted.

A wish to shine in the paths of literature is undoubtedly the most commendable; and even there, under proper restrictions, it often occasions envy of superior or more successful competitors.

But previous to hastily condemning this passion, it must be considered what mankind would prove devoid of it. Undoubtedly it is necessary to our existence, for had not man some object to engage his attention, he would remain dejected and unhappy, regardless of all around, life would be a mere blank, and he might then "drop into the grave unpitied and unknown!" Nor can this be deemed desirable—for surely it is a more pleasing thought to imagine that when death separates us from this mortal evil, we shall not remain unlamented, than that oblivion's dark wings will soon obscure all knowledge of our actions or even existence.

Ambition therefore is a laudable passion under proper restrictions; but in a bad mind soon becomes an evil productive of the most fatal consequences, like a beautiful flower surrounded by weeds, which soon is debilitated unless transplanted to a more congenial or cultivated soil, where it might throw forth its fragrance, and bloom for a while; so ambition, in a well formed mind, oftentimes proves a virtue—but, in an ill disposed heart, abounding with malevolent passions, it is too frequently a vice.

Russel Place. A MEDITATOR.

To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

Sir,

I have taken the liberty of troubling you with the following account of a great literary Curiosity, which it is probable is but little known, and consequently may be gratifying to the readers of your interesting miscellany.

I am, Sir, your well-wisher,

Bath, W. B.
April 2, 1802.

THE work I allude to is an admirable monument of industry, skill, and execution; and still more worthy of notice on account of the period that produced it, and the respect paid thereby to the *subject* on which it is employed; it is a copy of the *Book of common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, &c. &c. &c.*—engraven and printed (by permission of John Baskett, king's printer) by John Sturt, Golden Lion court, Aldersgate-street, London, in the year 1717.

This book, which is a large *octavo*, the page measuring seven inches and a half by four, is executed upon 188 plates, 18 of which are occupied with the title-page, dedication, calendar (remarkably neat and distinct), the usual prefaces, tables, &c. and 4 others are taken up with the subscribers' names, which amount to two hundred and eighty-six. The liturgy, which is complete (having all the offices), with the psalter, and the articles of religion, of course, occupy 166 pages, or plates.

Each of these 188 pages is inclosed with a rich and beautiful border. The beginning of every prayer, collect, creed, hymn, psalm, &c. is ornamented with a *fac*; and each of the offices (the

collects, &c for the different days) is further adorned with a vignette. Of these vignettes there are one hundred and forty.

On the reverse page of the title there is a profile of George I. the extreme length of which measures three inches; the greatest breadth above the neck, one inch and a half, and the greatest below, two inches. Within the lines of this figure (the effigies) are distitnctly written the Lord's prayer, the apostles' creed, the ten commandments, the prayers for the king and the royal family, and the 21st psalm —"*The king shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord, &c.*"

The third page exhibits a medallion print of George Augustus, Prince of Wales, and his consort, Wilhelmina Carolina, Princess of Wales, with a motto—"*Flammæ felices quas mutuus excitat ardor.*" The work is dedicated to their Royal Highnesses, in the following words:—

"May it please your Royal Highnesses,

"The eminence of your rank, your exemplary piety, and shining virtues, embolden the author of this undertaking humbly to lay it at your Royal Highnesses' feet for patronage and protection—well knowing, that placed within the sanctuary of your approbation, it will be sufficiently guarded against any cavils and censures it may meet with.

"May it please your Royal Highnesses to honor this work with your favorable acceptance, which will most abundantly recompence the time, the pains, and the art employed in adorning the liturgy of the church of England—which teaches us to join our most fervent prayers to our most reasonable hopes, that from your Royal Highnesses may be continued an uninterrupted succession of mighty kings, to be its nursing fathers, and illustrious queens, its nursing mothers.

"May your Royal Highnesses long continue a blessing and ornament to this Church, and may *that* for ever flourish under the mighty protection of your most illustrious posterity. These must be the prayers of all that are dutiful sons and hearty lovers of this Church—but can be offered up by none of them with more zeal than by your Royal Highnesses most humble and most obedient servant,

"JOHN STURT."

The medallion above mentioned is executed in a masterly manner. The heads of James I. Charles I. Charles II. George I. and Elizabeth, (which are placed at the beginning of the offices for the 5th of November, 30th of January, 29th of May, and 1st of August; and of the articles of religion) are in that rich style of engraving which makes the prints of that day so greatly admired. In the vignette borders throughout the work, there is an amazing variety of devices introduced, far too numerous for me to particularise.

In addition to the immense labour and care of the engraver and printer, all the pages are ruled with a fine bright coloured red ink round the pages (both within and without the vignette border), as well as between the columns (the pages are in two columns, except those of the psalter, which are in three), and also across the column, at all the rubrics, prayers, collects, &c.

The uniformity of the characters was certainly never excelled: the *Roman* letters, both capitals and small, are most beautifully proportioned; and the red lines give to the whole the appearance of an illuminated copy. The ornaments have most probably been the work of one artist; and it would be very gratifying to know whether the text has been the work of another, or if more artists

have been employed in it. The uniformity above mentioned would incline any person to suppose the former, or at least that the *Italic* characters (or what engravers, I believe, call *stump-hand)* have been all traced by the same finger. If so, we may pronounce on his achievement, "*Hic labor; hoc opus fuit*;"—and we might have been allowed, without vanity, to exclaim, "*Exegi monumentum!*"

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
PEAK IN DERBYSHIRE.

From Moritz's Travels in several Parts of England.

HAVING arrived in Derbyshire, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles from London, the author thus describes the town of Castleton, in which the Peak is situated:—

I ascended one of the highest hills, and all at once perceived a beautiful vale below me, which was traversed by rivers and brooks, and inclosed on all sides by hills. In this vale lay Castleton, a small town, with low houses, which takes its name from an old castle, whose ruins are still to be seen here.

A narrow path, which wound itself down the side of the rock, led me through the vale into the street of Castleton, where I soon found an inn, and also soon dined. After dinner, I made the best of my way to the cavern.

A little rivulet, which runs through the middle of the town, led me to its entrance.

I stood here a few moments, full of wonder and astonishment at the amazing height of the steep rock before me, covered on each side with ivy and

other shrubs. At its summit are the decayed walls and towers of an ancient castle which formerly stood on this rock; and at its foot the monstrous aperture, or mouth, to the entrance of the cavern, where it is pitch dark when one looks down, even at mid-day.

As I was standing here full of admiration, I perceived at the entrance of the cavern, a man of a rude and rough appearance, who asked me if I wished to see the Peak—and an echo strongly reverberated his coarse voice.

Answering as I did in the affirmative, he next further asked me if I should want to be carried to the other side of the stream, telling me at the same time what the sum would be which I must pay for it.

This man had, along with his black stringy hair and his dirty and tattered cloaths, such a singularly wild and infernal look, that he actually struck me as a real Charon; his voice and the questions he asked me were not of a kind to remove this notion; so that far from its requiring any effort of imagination, I found it not easy to avoid believing, that at length I had actually reached Avernus, was about to cross Acheron, and be ferried by Charon!

I had no sooner agreed to his demand, than he told me, all I had to do was boldly to follow him—and thus we entered the cavern.

To the left in the entrance of the cavern, lay the trunk of a tree that had been cut down, on which several of the boys of the town were playing.

Our way seemed to be altogether on a descent, though not steep; so that the light, which came in at the mouth of the cavern near the entrance, gradually forsook us; and when we had gone forward a few steps farther I was astonished by a sight, which of all others, I here the least expected:

I perceived to the right, in the hollow of the cavern, a whole subterranean village, where the inhabitants, on account of its being Sunday, were resting from their work, and with happy and chearful looks were sitting at the doors of their huts along with their children.

We had scarcely passed these small subterranean houses when I perceived a number of large wheels, on which on week days these human moles, the inhabitants of the cavern, make ropes.

I fancied I here saw the wheel of Ixion, and the incessant labour of the Danaides.

The opening through which the light came seemed, as we descended, every moment to become less and less, and the darkness at every step to increase, till at length only a few rays appeared, as if darting through a crevice, and just tinging the small clouds of smoke which at dusk raised themselves to the mouth of the cavern.

This gradual growth or increase of darkness awakens in a contemplative mind a soft melancholy. As you go down the gentle descent of the cavern, you can hardly help fancying the moment is come when, without pain or grief, the thread of life is about to be snapped, and that you are now going thus quietly to that land of peace, where trouble is no more!

At length the great cavern in the rock closed itself, in the same manner as heaven and earth seem to join each other, when we came to a little door, where an old woman came out of one of the huts, and brought two candles, of which we each took one.

My guide now opened the door, which compleatly shut out the faint glimmering of light, which till then it was still possible to perceive, and led us to the inmost centre of this dreary temple of old chaos and night, as if till now we had only

been traversing the outer courts. The rock was here so low that we were obliged to stoop very much for some few steps, in order to get through; but how great was my astonishment, when we had passed this narrow passage and again stood upright, at once to perceive, as well as the feeble light of the candles would permit, the amazing length, breadth, and height of the cavern, compared to which, the monstrous opening through which we had already passed was nothing.

After we had wandered here more than an hour, as beneath a dark and dusky sky, on a level sandy soil, the rock gradually lowered itself, and we suddenly found ourselves on the edge of a broad river, which, from the glimmering of our candles amid the total darkness, suggested sundry interesting reflections. To the side of this river a small boat was moored, with some straw in its bottom. Into this boat my guide desired me to step, and lay myself down in it quite flat, because, as he said, towards the middle of the river the rock would almost touch the water.

When I had laid myself down, as directed, he himself jumped into the water, and drew the boat after him.

All around us was one still, solemn, and deadly silence, and as the boat advanced the rock seemed to stoop, and come nearer and nearer to us, till at length it nearly touched my face, and as I lay I could hardly hold the candle upright. I seemed to myself to be in a coffin rather than in a boat, as I had no room to stir hand or foot till we had passed this frigtful strait and the rock rose again on the other side—where my guide once more handed me ashore.

The cavern was now become all at once broad and high, and then suddenly it was again low and narrow.

I observed on both sides, as we passed along, a prodigious number of great and small petrified plants and animals, which however we could not examine unless we had been disposed to spend some days in the cavern.

And thus we arrived at the opposite side, at the second river or stream, which however was not so broad as the first, as one may see across it to the other side; across this stream my guide carried me on his shoulders, because there was here no boat to carry us over.

From thence we only went a few steps farther, when we came to a very small piece of water, which extended itself lengthways, and led us to the end of the cavern.

The path along the edge of this water was wet and slippery, and sometimes so very narrow that one can hardly set one foot before the other.

Notwithstanding, I wandered with pleasure on this subterranean shore, and was regaling myself with the interesting contemplation of all these various wonderful objects, in this land of darkness and shadow of death—when all at once something like music at a distance sounded in mine ears.

I instantly stopped, full of astonishment, and eagerly asked my guide what this might mean. He answered, only have patience, and you shall soon see.

But as we advanced, the sounds of harmony seemed to die away, the noise became weaker and weaker, and at length it seemed to sink into a gentle hissing or hum, like distant drops of falling rain.

And how great was my astonishment when ere long I actually saw and felt a violent shower of rain falling from the rock as from a thick cloud, whose drops, which now fell on our candles, had

caused that same melancholy sound which I had heard at a distance.

This was what was here called a *mizzling rain*, which fell from the ceiling or roof of the cavern through the veins of the rock.

We did not dare to approach too near with our candles, as they might easily have been extinguished by the falling drops, and so we perhaps have been forced to seek our way back in vain.

We continued our march therefore along the side of the water, and often saw on the sides large apertures in the rock, which seemed to be new or subordinate caverns, all which we passed without looking into. At length my guide prepared me for one of the finest sights we had yet seen, which we should now soon behold.

And we had hardly gone on a few paces when we entered what might easily be taken for a majestic temple, with lofty arches, supported by beautiful pillars, formed by the plastic hand of some ingenious artist.

This subterranean temple, in the structure of which no human hand had borne a part, appeared to me at that moment to surpass all the most stupendous buildings in the world in point of regularity, magnificence and beauty.

Full of admiration and reverence, here, even in the inmost recesses of nature, I saw the majesty of the Creator displayed; and before I quitted this temple, here, in this solemn silence and holy gloom, I thought it would be a becoming act of true religion to adore, as I cordially did, the God of nature!

An Account of the Arrest of the celebrated German Writer, KOTZEBUE, *by the late Emperor Paul, and of his Exile into Siberia.*

FROM KOTZEBUE'S LIFE, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN April, 1800, Mr. Von Kotzebue set out for Russia, accompanied by his wife, who was a native of that country, on a visit to her relatives and friends; but at Polangen he was arrested—his trunks sealed—and his papers forwarded to government. To satisfy the public that they contained no sufficient reason for his arrest, the writer gives a minute detail of their contents, being letters, medical receipts, dramatic sketches, and private memorandums. On one of the articles are the following remarks:—"*A Weimar Almanack interleaved.* I had imitated the idea of Franklin's, which, if I am not mistaken, had been published in the Berlin Journal. This great man had scrupulously examined and made a kind of table of all his failings, with a firm resolution by degrees to amend them; devoting every evening to this plan of self-examination, he became wiser and better, till at length he acquired an entire controul over his passions. At whatever distance I remained from my model, I had at least endeavoured to execute his wise and good intentions, and I can declare with truth that the expedient was attended with considerable success; I can even recommend this method from my own experience to every man who has his moral improvement at heart. He will insensibly feel a kind of terror on examining his almanack; he will dread to find the leaves too full of self-reproaches, and often, very often will check the passions ready to obtain the mastery over him, on the recollection

that at night it will be necessary to put down the particulars faithfully on the paper."

Upon arriving at Mittau, Mr. Von Kotzebue was introduced to the governor, with whose person he had some previous acquaintance, and whose character he much respected; and assured him he thought himself very fortunate in being able to assert his innocence before him, requesting him, at the same time, to proceed with the examination of his papers with as much expedition as possible.—"That examination," he replied, "does not concern me; I have orders merely to forward them to Petersburg, and you are to accompany them without delay." At first I was distressed at this answer, but soon recovering myself, I observed, that having never lived separately from my wife, I hoped she would be allowed to go with me. At first I thought he would have acquiesced in my desire, but upon some remark made to him by a secretary, he gave me a positive denial. I then told him I could not answer that my wife would not come and solicit his consent herself upon her knees. "Spare me such a scene," replied he; "I am likewise a husband and a father—I feel all the distress of your situation, but I am not able to remedy it: I must execute my orders in the most exact manner. Set off for Petersburg, justify your conduct there, and in a fortnight you may embrace your family again. Your wife shall remain here; make yourself easy, every thing shall be done for her that humanity and my own good wishes can suggest."

On saying this he conducted me to his chamber, and left me for a moment, to give orders which unfortunately concerned me too fatally. There was a young lady of a sweet and interesting countenance in the room, who appeared to be the governor's daughter—she was employed at her needle. On

my entrance she saluted me kindly, did not speak, but sometimes raised her eyes from her work, and fixed them upon me. I thought I could perceive more compassion than curiosity in these soft looks, and I frequently heard a sigh escape her. It will easily be conceived, that the interest she took in my situation did not contribute to alter my apprehensions. The governor soon returned, "Things are no longer in Russia as they used to be," said he; "justice is now administered in the most scrupulous manner."

"I have great reason then to be easy," replied I. He expressed much surprise that I had voluntarily returned, and above all, that I had brought my family with me. Indeed a man who travels with bad designs does not take with him his wife, three children, an elderly governess, and two servants: I, therefore, who did so, must have been conscious of my own innocence, and easy in the confidence I reposed in the safe conduct granted by his majesty.

A person in the uniform of the civil administration of Petersburg, was now introduced.—"Here," said the governor, "is the Aulic counsellor, Schstschekatichin, who will accompany you on your journey; make yourself perfectly easy, Sir, you are in good hands."—This, however, did not turn out a true prediction. The time now came, however, for Mr. Von Kotzebue and his lady to be separated, which scene we shall give in his own words:—

"At length, towards the hour of seven, every thing being ready, I bade adieu to my afflicted family. How did my heart beat at this cruel moment! my hands trembled, my knees tottered, my eye-sight failed me—even at the present day I cannot recollect this separation without painful emotions.

"The reader will allow me to pause in this painful narrative. Neither my wife nor myself could weep—the source of our tears was dried up, and our hearts were wrung with inexpressible anguish. I kissed my children, I blessed them; their mother threw her arms about my neck, and fainted as she received my embrace.

"The secretary, who had hitherto appeared unconcerned, and had had recourse to common-place motives of consolation, could no longer refrain from shedding tears. Ah! if the kind hearted emperor (for such I know him to be) had been present, with what promptitude would he have put an end to this scene of affliction.

"My wife, who could no longer return my caresses, continued to moan in a low and inarticulate voice; her eyes were closed; I imprinted a kiss on her lips, as if it were the last, and immediately tore myself away. My servants led me to the carriage and took leave of me, deeply afflicted. A crowd of spectators assembled under the gate-way had been dispersed, and the carriage was drawn up there to avoid notice. I mounted with trembling steps, and was instantly driven away."

Our author was now travelling, as he supposed, for Petersburg; but soon after they passed through Riga he discovered that the route was changed, and that they were going to Tobolsk, in Siberia. Now driven almost to desperation, he began to think of attempting an escape. An opportunity speedily offered, and for some days was concealed in the woods, but hunger and fatigue soon compelled him to surrender, and he renewed his journey. Arrived at Tobolsk, he was received with much respect and tenderness, and hoped here at least to rest in peace. But his cup of affliction was not yet full! He was obliged to proceed to Kurgan, on the road to which Mr. Von Kotzebue noticed a very curious

article in natural history. "At a few posts from Tuimen, I observed, in a marshy forest, a phænomenon in botany, which I have mentioned since my return to several learned naturalists, none of whom had ever heard of it before.

"On a spot about six hundred paces over, appeared an innumerable quantity of red flowers, and on the top of each there seemed to lie a large flake of snow. Their appearance struck me, and, alighting from the carriage, I gathered several of the flowers, which I shall now endeavour to describe. On a stalk of about five inches in height, (the leaves of which, as well as I can remember, resemble those of the lily of the valley,) hung a kind of purse, not unlike a work-bag, about an inch and an half square, with tendrils dangling from the upper end, as it were for the purpose of tying it up. This bag, which both within and without was of fine deep purple colour, was furnished with a leaf in the form of a heart, proportioned to the other parts of the flower, the top of which was as white as snow, and the bottom of the same colour as the bag. This leaf opened and shut with ease, and served in some sort as a lid. I am unable to express how beautiful this flower (which I must observe had no smell) appeared to the eye. I fear I have not been able to describe it with any degree of preciseness, being but a novice in the science of botany. I can, however, positively assert, that it would prove a very beautiful ornament to any garden. The great quantity of them which I saw, induced me to believe it was a common flower in Siberia, and I therefore neglected to take any of them with me. I have regretted this a thousand times since; for I looked in vain for the flower on my return, and I could find no one that was acquainted with it."

At Kurgan he was committed to the care, and recommended to the kindness of the first magistrate, who treated him with much kindness, and afforded him every practicable alleviation of his situation. He found a companion in misery in a Polish gentleman of the name of Sokoloff, and he sometimes went out in company with him a shooting. He had contrived to forward a memorial to the emperor, but had no expectation that, if at all, he could receive any farther intelligence of his fate before the end of August.

"It was now the seventh of July: the morning was fine, and I was engaged, as usual, in drawing up the story of my misfortunes, when, at about ten o'clock, M. de Gravi came in, and after a few words of ordinary chat, took up a pack of cards, as he most commonly did, to play at the game of *grande patience*, which he often carried so far as to put my patience to a severe trial. I was sometimes whole hours a witness to his pastime, for the good man could not conceive it possible that any one's time at Kurgan was valuable, and particularly an exile's. He continued to play till eleven o'clock; during this time I walked up and down the room in ill-humoured silence, without taking any notice of the game, except once, when he asked me with what view he should turn up the cards: 'Consult the oracle,' said I peevishly, 'whether I am to see my family shortly.' The deal proved fortunate, and he was highly delighted that they were soon to be with me. At length he recollected he had business to dispatch, and took his leave.

"I continued my task. In the middle of a period my servant interrupted me by saying, 'Well, Sir, we have some more news.'

"I paid little attention to him, concluding he was going to entertain me with some new love affair (for he had twenty, and some of no common

sort, since he had resided here), and without taking my pen from the paper, I turned myself half round to ask him what the news was.

'This moment a dragoon is arrived to take you away,' said he. Struck with terror, I started from my chair, and looked him full in the face, without being able to utter a single word. 'Yes, yes,' continued he, 'we shall perhaps set off this very day for Tobolsk.'

'How!' was all I was able to say.

"Instead of answering me, he brought a man to me who had seen the dragoon, had heard him speak of his commission, had accompanied him to M. de Gravi's and from thence had run to my lodgings to be the first bearer of the news—but who was totally ignorant of the dispatches that were brought.

"What had I to expect?—My liberty? Alas, no! for in such case why was I to be taken back to Tobolsk? The nearest road lay through Ekatarinabourgh, and why make a circuitous journey of five hundred verstes? Besides, the answer to my memorial could not arrive for a considerable time to come. I had therefore nothing better before me than the horrid prospect of being transported from Tobolsk further up the country, perhaps to Kamtschatka. I remained a considerable time in great perturbation of mind, till, rousing myself from a painful train of thought, I took the quire of paper on which I had been writing, together with all the bank notes I had left, and concealed the whole under my waistcoat. I waited for more than ten minutes in the most painful state of suspence for the arrival of my sentence.

"These ten minutes are to be numbered among the most dreadful of my life. At last I perceived from my window M. de Gravi, accompanied by a crowd of people, turning the corner of the street, and in the midst of them I discerned a dragoon,

with a plume that covered his hat: they were too far for me to observe the expression of their countenances; and I remained more dead than alive, waiting to know my fate.

"I walked with trembling steps about the room, and again drawing near the window, I could distinguish the features of M. de Gravi, which seemed to be very composed. A ray of hope now gleamed upon me, yet heaviness still pressed upon my heart.

"The people were now in the yard. M. de Gravi looked up at my window, perceiving me there, and saluted me in a gay and friendly manner.

"I felt my heart grow lighter—I attempted to go out to meet him, but was unable; I remained quite motionless, and fixed my eyes upon the door of my chamber—it opened—I endeavoured to speak, but continued speechless.

"Prosdawläja, wui wobodni—' I congratulate you—you are free!' As he uttered these words, the good De Gravi threw himself into my arms, and shed tears of joy. I saw nothing, heard nothing, felt only the tears of De Gravi wet my cheek, while my own eyes remained dry. The cry of *prosdawläja* was repeated by all around me—every one strove to be first to embrace me, and my servant too pressed me to his heart. I permitted all these proceedings, still looking at them with with silent stupor—I could neither thank them nor utter a word."

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREDERICK II. KING OF PRUSSIA.

IT is well known that this prince incurred the displeasure of his father, a harsh and barbarous soldier, governing a rude people, destined to be polished and aggrandized by his successor, and that this displeasure was chiefly incurred by the prince's honorable addresses to a young lady of the court, whom the tyrant caused to be whipped under the window of the royal lover, after which the prince resolved never to cohabit with the princess who was destined to supplant the unhappy mistress of his genuine affection.

This brutal insult offered by the king to the lady, to the prince his son, and to humanity, was committed by the instigation of a general officer in the king's service, whose name it may be better, on account of his respectable family, to conceal from the eyes of the public.

When, after the release of the Prince of Prussia from his confinement (where he laid the foundation of his future greatness, by learning wisdom in the school of adversity), the king became sick of that malady which carried him to his grave, he sent for the prince his son to his bed-chamber, where, upon his arrival, he walked up to the royal presence with the erect and stately step of a right hand man of a batallion, and at a considerable distance from the king he halted in the same soldierly manner. The king said, "Advance, my son." The prince advanced. The king said, "Come nearer, Sir." The prince came nearer. "Kiss me, Sir," said the king, "as a son ought to salute his father." The prince kneeled, and saluted his father.

"I have been thought harsh to you, Sir; and some of my worthy veteran officers have incurred your resentment, as advising my paternal discipline too strictly. I am now about to die—swear to me by God that you will forgive all those who were the causes of your discontent."—"I will forgive them all but *one*, Sir," said the prince—kneeled, and saluted his father, bowed three times, turned to the right about, and marched out *a la militaire* as he entered. The king died two days after.

Some time after the accession of the prince to the throne, he caused an intimation to be given of a general levee to his court and officers of the army, to which he sent a particular invitation to the culprit general who had advised his father to destroy his mistress.

The general attended, and after the levee, when he saw the general retiring, he ordered him to be informed that the king forbade him to retire till he had seen him, after the court was finished. When all were gone, the king said to the general, "Follow me, Sir!" The general, trembling, obeyed; and as he passed, he locked the door of communication with the antichamber; and so passing slowly through the various apartments, he clicked the doors with his *pass key* behind him; when at last, on opening the door of the great guard room, on the other approach to the royal apartments, the unhappy general beheld the room hung round with black, and containing all the fatal apparatus of death by the hand of an executioner, who, with his axe in his hand, at the block, and two clergymen standing by, were ready to perform the sentence of the law, which, awarded by a court-martial, was put into the hand of the general by the judge-advocate. After a long pause, while the cold sweat stood on the brow of the unfortunate man, the king said, "Sir, you cannot but confess that punish-

ment, though slowly, has come at last to reward your perfidy and your cruelty! But I will not be the means of hurrrying you to your exit, without giving you leisure to write your last will, and to see your family." Having said this, a long and dreadful pause ensued, suited to the king's purpose—he said to the general, "Follow me," and went into an adjoining closet. He then looked with a mild but steady countenance on the general, and said—"General, it is now all over! You have received your punishment, which must shew you experimentally that the cruelty you advised my father to perpetrate, was worse than a thousand murders, as murdering the finest feelings of humanity. I forgive you. There is your gold key again—there is your regiment, and your place upon the staff.—Learn to be humane, to forgive, and to have no occasion for forgiveness. There is a pair of colours for your eldest son. Come to the *Caffè* to-night and thank me. Adieu."

BON MOT OF CHARLES I.

KING Charles I. of England, being with some of his court, during his troubles, and a discourse arising, what sort of dogs deserve pre-eminence, it was on all hands agreed to belong either to the *spaniel* or the *greyhound*. The king gave his opinion on the part of the latter—"Because," said he, "the *greyhound* has all the *good-nature* of the other, without the *fawning!*" A fine piece of satire upon his courtiers.

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

THE memory of Queen Caroline is revered for the excellence of her domestic character. As a mother she shone in a conspicuous manner, by the attention which she paid to cultivating the dispositions of her children. Of her majesty's superior talent for that tender office, of her adroitness in seizing the happy moment to instil virtuous principles, the following anecdote records an instance, which ought never to be forgotten :—

The princess royal was accustomed at going to rest to employ one of the ladies of the court in reading aloud to her till she should drop asleep. It happened one evening that the lady who was appointed to perform this office, being indisposed, could not, without great inconvenience, endure the fatigue of standing; yet the princess was inattentive to her situation, and suffered her to continue reading till she fell down in a swoon.

The queen was informed of this the next morning. Her majesty said nothing upon the subject, but at night, when she was in bed, sent for the princess, and saying that she wished to be lulled to rest, commanded her royal highness to read aloud. After some time, the princess began to be tired of standing, and paused, in hope of receiving an order to seat herself.—"Proceed," said her Majesty. In a short time a second stop seemed to plead for rest. "Read on," said the queen. Again the princess stopped—again she received an order to proceed; till at last, faint and breathless, she was forced to complain. Then did this excellent parent exhort her daughter to forbear indulging herself in ease, while she suffered her attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue.—An illustrious example to mothers how to create and improve occasions for forming the dispositions of their children.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEMORY.

HORTENSIUS, one of the most celebrated orators of ancient Rome, had so happy a memory, that after studying a discourse, though he had not written down a single word of it, he could repeat it exactly in the same manner in which he had composed it. His powers of mind in this respect were really astonishing; and we are told, that in consequence of a wager with one Sienna, he spent a whole day at an auction, and when it was ended, he recapitulated every article that had been sold, together with the prices, and the names of the purchasers in their proper order, without erring in one point, as was proved by the clerk, who followed him with his book.

ANECDOTE OF DR. BROWN.

THE late celebrated Dr. Brown courted a lady for several years, though unsuccessful, during which time it had been his custom to drink the lady's health before that of any other. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentlman, reminding him of it, said, "Doctor, come, drink the lady, your toast." The doctor replied: "I have *toasted* her for so many years, and I can't make her *Brown*, so I'll toast her no longer.

Beauties of the Drama.

THE FARMER'S SON TURNED SOLDIER.

FROM THE COMEDY OF THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

ACT III.—SCENE II.

The front of Farmer Harrowby's *house.*

Corporal Foss *crossing the stage,* Stephen *following him.*

Stephen. (calling.)

HOLLO! I say, Mr. Corporal!

Foss. Ah! Master Stephen! is it you?

Stephen. What do yo think I ha' been about?

Foss. Getting the cart and horses out of the mud, I suppose.

Stephen. No, feyther's head man be gone to dextricate the cattle. But you was telling I, t'other day, you do know, about a springing up of a mine—which be done by a man they do call a pye on an ear.

Foss. A pioneer is our name for it, my honest lad. Aye, I have seen some of that work in my day, master Stephen!—If we could get but a little spot of ground, now, with a bit of a good-for-nothing building upon it——

Stephen. I ha' found out just such a pleace, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. Then I'll shew you the whole process.

Stephen. I ha' done the whole progress, myself.

Foss. Have you?

Stephen. You do know feyther's pig-stye?

Foss. Yes—it stands on the edge of the dry ditch at the back of the house.

Stephen. That's where it did use to stand, sure enow—but I ha' blowed it up wi' gunpowder.

Foss. The devil you have! and how?

Stephen. All according to rule, mun, just as you laid it down. I bored a hole under the ditch wi' the peel of our oven, and then I laid in my bumbustibles.

Foss. Well?

Stephen. Why, I clapt the kitchen poker to un, red hot, and it all went up wi' a desperate complosion, just as you destroyed that outlandish buttery.

Foss. Bless us, master Stephen! then you have ruined the town, in cold blood, and kill'd all the inhabitants.

Stephen. No—the inhabitants am lying in the ditch, as pert as daisies—only the little pigs am singed quite bald, and the ould white sow be as black as the devil.

Enter Mary.

Mary. Brother Stephen! Come here, brother Stephen. Feyther do vow vengeance again ye.—If you do go on o' this fashion, what will the neighbours call ye, Stephen?

Stephen. Call me? why, a perspiring young hero, of five foot six inches, willing to mortalize himself in the field of March.

(Worthington *crosses the stage, and goes into the house.)*

Foss. There his honor is come home—I must go in for orders.

Mary. Oh, Mr. Corporal, Joe Shambles, the butcher's boy, ha' brought this from our town, for your master. *(Giving a letter.)*

Foss. One letter! Is this all he left for us, my pretty maid?

Mary. No—he left a leg of mutton.

Foss. Oh. *(Goes in.)*

Stephen. How stately Mr. Corporal do march, surely!—he be as upright as our gander. Come, Mary! afore feyther do come home, lets you and I go wash the gunpowder pigs.

Mary. How, Stephen?

Stephen. We'll go to the dairy, and chuck 'em into the milk pails.

Voice without. Stephen!

Stephen. Wauns! there be feyther! Run, Mary, run!

BRITISH HEROISM.

SCENE III.

The parlour in Harrowby's *house.*

Enter Worthington *and the* Corporal.

Worthington.

WHERE are the ladies, corporal?

Foss. They are gone to take a walk, an' please your honor.

Worth. Oh! *(sitting down.)* Mine has somewhat fatigued me.

Foss. Under favor, I think your honor takes too much exercise—it always brings on the torment in your wound again.

Worth. You bustle about for me more than I could wish, corporal: you got your wound in an ugly place, you know.

Foss. I got it at Gibraltar—the same ugly place with your honor; that cursed shell struck us both together.

Worth. I remember it did corporal. *(sighing.)*

Foss. And when I lay on the ground, and your

honor's left arm was so terribly wounded, you stretched out your right, to help me.

Worth. I don't remember that, corporal.

Foss. *(warmly.)* Don't you? but I do—and I wish I may be damned if ever I forget it!

Worth. Well, well, do not let us swear about it, corporal.

Foss. I hate swearing, your honor, as much as our chaplain loved brandy; but when a man's heart's too full, I fancy, somehow, there's an oath at the top on't; and when that pops out, he's easy. Ah! we had warm work that day, your honor!

Worth. We had, indeed, corporal.

Foss. There was Crillon's batteries and four thousand men behind us, at land.

Worth. Moreno, with his fleet, before us, at sea.

Foss. At ten in the morning the Spanish admiral began his cannonade.

Worth. Our battery from the king's bastion opened directly.

Foss. Red-hot shot poured from the garrison.

Worth. Cannons roar!

Foss. Mortars and howitzers!

Worth. The enemy's shipping in flames!

Foss. Fire again!

Worth. They burn!

Foss. They blow up!

Worth. They sink!

Foss. Victory! Old England for ever, your honor! Huzza!

Worth. Aye, corporal—against the world in arms, old England for ever!

Both. Huzza!

Foss. *(after a pause, gravely.)* We have no limbs to help our country now—we shall never fight for old England again, your honor.

Worth. (mournfully.) No, corporal, 'tis impossible!

Foss. But our *hearts* are for our country still, though your honor has only half-pay, and I am but an out-pensioner of Chelsea.

Worth. We have no right to complain, corporal—national bounty beyond its limits would be national waste, and 'tis impossible to provide sumptuously for all.

Foss. That's true, your honor: every hero that loses his life in the field, must not expect a marvel monument.

Worth. 'Tis of little import, corporal; a gallant soldier's memory will flourish, though humble turf be osier-bound upon his grave—the tears of his country will moisten it, and vigorous laurel sprout among the cypress that shadows his remains. But 'tis a bitter thought, when we must depart, to leave unprotected the few who are joined with us in the ties of affection and the bonds of nature!

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

FROM AN INTERESTING WORK JUST PUBLISHED, BY T. E. WHITE.

THE author commences his history of the British navy with the reign of Offa, King of Mercia, the most powerful prince of the heptarchy, who appeared tobe the first that had any pretensions to the empire of the seas. It is said he ventured to dispute it with Charlemagne. That great monarch, however, did not disdain to court his alliance, in the view perhaps that the naval assitance of Offa would one day be serviceable to him in securing his dominions from the enterprises of the Normans.—

An augmentation of the number, and an improvement in the construction of his vessels, were effected by the illustrious Alfred, who had one fleet of an hundred and twenty sail, uniformly allotted to guard the coast. When the East Angles and Northumbrians constructed vessels stronger and lighter than his own, he compensated for this new advantage by fitting out expeditiously for sea vessels with an hundred and twenty oars, in every respect superior to the former.

Edgar collected a prodigious number of vessels, which some have said amounted to three thousand six hundred, and others, to four thousand. A just idea may, however, be formed of it, when it is known, that the largest of those vessels hardly contained fifty men in array. Throughout the year, four squadrons, each consisting of one hundred sail, were armed to protect and cruise along the coasts. Elated with this array of force, Edgar imagined himself master of the seas, and assumed the vain-glorious title of Emperor and Lord of all the Kings of the Ocean, and of "all the Nations which it surrounds!" One day being at Chester, he embarked on the Dee, and compelled eight tributary kings to row a barge, which he steered himself. The triumphs of pride are always outrages!

The successors of Edgar had not an equal maritime force with his; and though the English made a vigorous effort in the reign of Ethelred, and collected a fleet of eight hundred vessels, equipped at the expence of wealthy individuals; this armament being dispersed by storms, was rendered unserviceable, and the whole kingdom fell under the power of the Danish princes.

The sudden revolution effected by William the Conqueror gave England so violent a shock, that the nation could little attend either to commerce or

navigation. When Richard undertook the expedition to the Holy Land, the kingdom was so destitute of shipping that he was obliged to have recourse to foreigners. Though the vessels furnished on this occasion were in general small, some of them might be of considerable bulk, as in an expedition to the Holy Land, they had a ship of such large dimensions as to cause it to be named the *world*. Towards the middle of the thirteenth century we are also informed of a vessel capable of containing eight hundred men. These, however, were rare at that time, they were only to be found in the Mediterranean, where the Venetians, the Genoese, and the Pisans had expedited the progress of sea affairs.

John, with the assistance and advice of the Earl of Flanders, having destroyed the fleet of Philippe Auguste in the port of *Dam*,* was elated to such a degree, he imagined that henceforth his *maritime ordonances* would be respected by all nations. He had, in the second year of his reign, made one for exacting the *salute* from all foreign vessels, ordaining that if obedience was not yielded to his officers, they should be compelled to it, and even to chastise the captains either by confinement, or by corporal punishment.† Absurd and unjust pretensions are

* *Dam*, or *Damme*, in the Netherlands, in those days a considerable sea-port town, though now no longer such, its harbours, &c. being long since destroyed by the accumulation of the sands on that part of the coast. It is still a place of some note, and lies five miles south-west of the port of *Sluys*, and nearly the same distance north-east of Bruges.

† On the contrary, any ships or vessels laden, or sailing on the seas, that will not lower or take down their flags at the command of the king's lieutenant,

often imputable to weakness. Who could imagine that a prince, tottering on his throne, would have dared to arrogate to himself the empire of the seas?

From this period (continues the author) the British navy was in a state of fluctuation till the reign of Henry VII. who laid the foundation of the naval power of his country, by turning the attention of his subjects to their *native* riches. We allude to the *wool*, which at that time was exclusively manufactured by the Flemings, who purchased it at a very low price. He annihilated this source of their wealth, by prohibiting an exportation which was prejudicial to his own subjects. . . . He made his people sensible of their true interests on this occasion; he forthwith brought over Flemish artificers, who instructed them to prepare the wool. He afterwards established manufactures; but did not prohibit the exportation of this precious commodity until after he had taken those preliminary steps, and secured by treaty to his subjects, the exclusive privilege of their island. The Levant trade was first opened to them under his reign, but it was not carried on with success until the period of the revolt in the Low Countries, whence the Flemish manufacturers, apprehensive of the impending cala-

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or of the admiral of the king, or his lieutenant, but fight against any of the fleet—such, if they can be taken, shall be reputed as enemies, and their ships, vessels, and goods, seized and confiscated, as the goods of enemies. Although the masters or owners should afterwards come and alledge the said ships, vessels, and goods, to belong to the friends of our lord the king; and that the hands on board be chastised by imprisonment, at discretion, for their rebellious conduct.

mities, emigrated in great numbers into different parts of England, and in effect repeopled the towns of Norwich, Colchester, Maidstone, Sandwich, and Southampton, which were then almost deserted.

The subjects of Elizabeth applied themselves, during her long reign, to the principal object for which they seemed intended by nature. The *sea* became their element, and shortly appeared among them several renowned admirals; excellent seamen were formed, and the ports were filled with shipping. Nothing farther remained than the creation of a royal navy—to accomplish which, arsenals were constructed, magazines provided, and naval stores collected. A revolution so advantageous, appropriated to Elizabeth the titles of restorer of the maritime glory of the nation, and queen of the northern seas. . . . .

Castelnau, ambassador of France, writing to his court on this subject, thus expresses himself: "She has built a great number of vessels, which are the fortresses, bastions, and ramparts of her dominions; constructing every two years a large ship of war—and they are such vessels, that nothing can be found on the sea able to resist them. These are the buildings and palaces which the Queen of England has commenced since her succeeding to the crown, and which she still continues."

One circumstance may claim notice relative to the herring fishery, as well as to the perseverance of the British monarchs in maintaing their claim as *sovereigns of the seas*, which was particularly enforced under the reign of James I.

Under the reign of Alfred the Great, about the year 836, the Hollanders began to send vessels to Scotland, in order to purchase herrings. This practice continued until the fourteenth century, when being at enmity with the Scots, they proceed-

ed to take the fish themselves. Since that period the fisheries increased so rapidly, and their profits became so great, that they were considered as the chief source of the riches of Holland. It became, to speak metaphorically, the *cradle* of her marine, and the *nursery* of her seamen. The above, and indeed all the other fisheries in which the subjects of the United Provinces are engaged, flourished considerably at the accession of James I. which circumstance naturally revived the former jealousies of that prince.

When king of Scotland, he exerted himself to secure to his subjects so productive a branch of industry and commerce on their own coasts. He restrained the Dutch from fishing within the distance of eight miles from the coast. On succeeding to the throne of England, he interdicted the fisheries on the coasts of his three kingdoms to foreigners, declaring that he would oppose all who should attempt to usurp or to partake of this right—regarding it as the most essential as well as the most obvious right of his crown, on account of the sovereignty which he claimed over all the British seas. He appointed commissioners at London and Edinburgh for the regulation of these matters, and charged them not to grant the liberty of fishing but for certain pecuniary considerations.

Advantages derived by the Dutch from the Herring Fishery.

We may form a judgment of the flourishing state to which the Dutch fisheries had arrived at the commencement of the reign of James I. by the details we find upon this subject in a memoir presented in 1604 to the council of Madrid, and which we have extracted from valuable collections in MS. of the learned and laborious Peiresc. We shall content ourselves by giving in this place a succinct

detail of this article; the author arranges all their fisheries into five principal divisions.

1st. That of the fresh herring fishery, in which six hundred vessels are employed, with a complement of ten men each, and carrying from ten to twenty-five lasts, each estimated at two tons, or four thousand pounds weight, and containing twelve barrels of one thousand herrings; this employs and maintains six thousand men.

2nd. The great herring fishery, in which three thousand vessels are employed, of thirty and forty lasts, the former manned with ten men, and the latter with fifteen, employing thirty-seven thousand five hundred men.

3d. That of chub-fish, of salmon, &c. called the winter fishery, occupies six hundred barks of from ten to fifteen lasts, with a compliment of eight men each, of which the total amount is four thousand eight hundred men.

4th. That of dried herrings, in which a thousand small vessels, of four lasts are employed, of six men each, maintaining six thousand men.

5th. The inland fishery upon the lakes, rivers, &c. which takes up six hundred boats with five men each, and employs annually three thousand persons.

The sum total of those who gained their livelihood by the different fisheries, amounted then (in 1604) to fifty-seven thousand three hundred men. The revenue which the republic gathered upon their produce, amounted at that time to four millions nine hundred and forty-two thousand five hundred florins—a sum with which the rebels so powerfully supported the war against their king.

Whatever the accuracy of the statements in the following tables may be, the interest of a comparison between them and the English marine at the death of Queen Elizabeth, is not diminished. In

that view the list of the ships of that princess (as stated by Sir William Monson) is placed before the table of the British naval force from 1688 to 1777. In the former, the ordnance is not specified, but the number of *artillerists* is sufficient to give an idea of its amount.

In the latter table we have poined out by two *asterisks* in the column, those periods in which we have found it impracticable to gain accurate information of the *number* of ships *on the stocks* or *under repair*.

STATE OF THE ENGLISH MARINE AT THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

NOTE—The first column contains the names of the vessels—the second, the number of tons—the third, the number of seamen and soldiers—and the fourth, the number of artillerists.

Elizabeth Jonas	900	460	40
Triumph	1000	460	40
White Bear	900	460	40
Victory	800	368	32
Le Marie Honora	800	368	32
Royal Ark	800	368	32
St. Matthew	1000	460	40
St. Andrew	900	368	32
Just Denial	700	320	30
Garland	700	270	30
War Spight	600	270	30
Le Marie-Rose	600	220	30
Hope	600	220	30
Bonaventure	600	220	30
Carried over.	10900	4824	468

Brought forward	10900	4824	468
Lion	500	220	30
Nonpareil	500	220	30
Defiance	500	220	30
Rainbow	500	220	30
Dreadnought	400	180	20
Antelope	350	144	16
Swiftsure	400	180	20
Swallow	330	144	16
Foresight	300	144	16
La Marée	250	108	12
Crane	200	88	12
Adventure	250	108	12
Acquittance	200	88	12
Reply	200	88	12
Advantage	200	88	12
Tiger	200	88	12
Tramontain	**	62	8
Scout	120	58	8
Achates	100	52	8
Charles	70	39	6
Moon	60	35	5
Advice	50	35	5
Spy	50	35	5
Merlin	42	30	5
Sun	40	26	4
Cygnet	20		
George (Hoy)	100		
Penny-rose (Hoy)	80		
Total	16915	7532	819

TABLE OF THE NAVAL FORCES OF ENGLAND,

From the year 1688 *to the year* 1777.

NOTE—The first column contains 1st rates—the second column, 2nd rates—the third, 3d rates—the fourth, 4th rates—the fifth, 5th rates—the sixth, frigates, &c.—the seventh, vessels under repair or on the stocks—and the last column contains the total number of vessels.

At the accession of William III. in 1688.	4	2	17	38	2	68	41	173
At the death of William III. in 1702.	7	14	47	62	36	107	**	273
In the reign of Queen Anne, in 1707.	7	14	45	64	40	114	**	284
Under George I. in 1721.	4	5	25	13	52	45	62	206
Under George II. in 1734.	5	11	30	19	45	58	40	208
Under George II. in 1746	6	13	31	20	62	124	**	276
Under George II. in 1755.	5	11	48	36	74	67	**	241
In the reign of George III. in 1777.	3	12	56	41	20	156	27†	315

† All on the stocks, and of which five were three-deckers, seventeen two-deckers, and five frigates.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

REBUS.

A GOOD PARSON.

(The following words are intended to be filled up in poetic lines, each of which must terminate with one of them—the whole displaying the character of a good Parson.—*See the* bad Parson, *in our last.)*

Hymns	Keep
Limbs	Weep
High	Fight
Nigh	Right
Bow	Sad
Now	Glad
Humble	Sorrow
Grumble	Morrow.

A CHARADE

WHEN tempests rise,
And seas and skies
Wage war—my first the mariner
Anxious desires
As Sol retires,
And sends my next to climes afar.

My whole, 'tis true,
Displays to view
A striking semblance of things:
From hence the wise
Sometimes descries
The source from whence much evil springs!

AN ENIGMATICAL LIST OF SINGLE YOUNG LADIES IN GREENS NORTON.

1.

HALF a word that expresses brave, daring, or stout,
What trifling depicts, with one letter left out.

2.

What always on mountains or hills may be found,
Two-eighths of a state shewn by every thing round.

3.

One-fourth of what often is made by a baker,
And a term that's us'd to express a forsaker.

4.

Half a place where the beauties of nature oft grow,
To this add a term that is us'd for a blow.

5.

Reversed to come, and one-fourth of a snare,
What 'tis to see friends in sad trouble and care.

6.

Four-sixths of a country which Homer adorn'd,
One-eighth of a people the Jews greatly scorn'd.

7.

What's made every summer by sweeet village maids,
Three-fourths of what's found in the still rural shades.

8.

The name of a measure well known to a Jew,
Two-sixths of what all wish from danger to do.

9.

Two-thirds of a plant which embracingly grows,
Three-fourths of a point whence the wind often blows.

10.

What every one does when an object they see,
To this please to join just two-thirds of a tree.

11.

Two-thirds of what we should submit to if hard,
Join half of what we for its softness regard.

12.

Half a term for lean, hungry, starved, or poor,
What's oft known to fight till disfigur'd with gore.

13.

What's dangerous to meet in the night when alone,
To this join the cry of a beast's dismal groan.

14.

What all should be careful to do who're indebted,
Two-thirds of a snare that has many things fretted.

15.

A sailor revers'd, and one-sixth of what's seen
On trees, and what's the most useful when keen.

16.

Four-sevenths of a meadow unsheltered with trees,
Two-sevenths of an hero of noble degrees.

17.

Five-sevenths of a word that consenting makes known,
To this join three-ninths of a noted Dutch town.

18.

Half what nature's charms do as winter advances,
Next add half a member that often romances.

These duly connected will bring to your view
Twice nine buxom lasses.—Kind reader, adieu!

EPIGRAMS.

FRANK once ask'd a friend—"Don't you think I speak well,
Tho' I ne'er took a book from its shelf?"
"How the talent you've gain'd (said his friend) I can't tell,
But I own you speak well—of yourself."

OH! had it been, well-natur'd Ned, thy doom
To toil, instead of *learning*, at a *loom*,
The labour of thy hand had gain'd thee bread,
And spar'd the fruitless labour of thy head!

OF his fine feelings, Jack may well be vain,
For most acutely has he felt—a cane!

REBUSES.

A WORD by levellers often used,
Beheaded, shows whom they abused.

FROM an article, *Mary*, and what's said in pain,
The name of a heathen god you may obtain.

QUESTION.

WHICH would be the greatest loss to society—the able statesman, or the promoter of every useful art or science?

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

A NEW ballet, called the *Brazen Mask*, was brought forward here, April 5, invented by Mr. Fawcet.—The hero of the piece is a Polish baron, who disguises himself as the chief of a desperate banditti. His castle is situated on a rock, under which his followers have their habitation in deep recesses of labyrinths, extremely difficult of access, and which lead to incidents chiefly of the terrific cast.—The music is the joint composition of Mountain and Davy.

It was favourably received.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW comedy, called *Fashionable Friends*, was produced April 22.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Dudley Dorimont,	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Mr. Lovell, - -	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Sir Valentine, -	Mr. KING.
Doctor, - - -	Mr. SUETT.
Lady Selina, - -	Miss DE CAMP.
Mrs. Racket, -	Miss POPE.
Miss Racket, -	Mrs. JORDAN.
Mrs. Lovell, -	Mrs. YOUNG.

Degrading as fashionable life may be, we shall not insult our readers with the unconnected picture which was here exhibited;—suffice it to say, that all the *gentlemen* were villains, and all the *ladies* prostitutes. The hero of the piece seduces the wife of his bosom friend, glories in his villainy, and remains unpunished.—This wretched play, which was disgusting throughout, met with general disapprobation; but was repeated the succeeding night, contrary to the judgment of the public: the second representation, however, proved the *last*.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FOR APRIL, 1802.

ADDRESS

To the Subscribers and Friends to the Literary Fund, at their anniversary Dinner, April 1, 1802.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

IN hardy chivalry's advent'rous days,
At solemn feasts the minstrel wak'd his lays:
Each trophy'd hall with tuneful echoes rung,
While godlike chiefs and godlike deeds he sung—
Sung those fam'd fields where patriot valour bled,
Where the cross triumph'd and the crescent fled;
Where Europe's sons, in freedom's generous pride,
With dauntless breasts repell'd invasion's tide.
Rapt with the strain, each knight in fancy's eye
Again beheld the hostile banners fly;
Again in thought he grasp'd bright valour's meed,
Resolv'd to vanquish, or resign'd to bleed.
Less proud our boast—though still Britannia's name
Fill the wide-echoing trump of martial fame,
Though late her gen'rous warriors, calmly brave,
Alike have triumph'd on the land and wave,
Yet oft at social boards, where temperance reigns,
Far gentler powers attune her festive strains:
There bounty sits enthron'd; while mirth, enshrin'd
With virtue's self, conspires to bless mankind.
Then, if in nobler verse those bards sublime,
Who told the warlike feats of elder time,

Thrill'd ev'ry heart by fancy's rapt'rous dream;
More pure our object, more benign our theme.
Remote from factious strife, or blood-stain'd arms,
To paint meek charity's unfading charms,
Bid gentle sympathy direct her eyes
To those drear haunts where sorrowing genius lies,
And kindred warmth in ev'ry breast infuse,
These ends inspire, exalt the humblest muse;
A muse, who, far from vain ambition's claim,
Reluctant treads the dangerous paths of fame;
Yet, call'd to learning's aid, in bounty's cause,
Still courts her only meed, the heart's applause.
Fir'd at this glorious prospect's bright display,
The glad return of this auspicious day,
She lifts her voice—and lo, with heavenly smile,
Appear the genuine Virtues of our isle;
Bright Honor first, whose generous love of fame,
Prefers to life itself a spotless name;
Ingenuous Confidence to worth allied,
Who, if she errs, still errs on candour's side;
Plain bold Sincerity, who, firm as true,
Prompts the free thought, and bares the heart to view:
But chief that gracious heav'n-directed pow'r,
Thy refuge, grief, in dread misfortune's hour.
Benevolence, whose blessings unconfin'd,
Fill the wide earth—embrace all human kind.
She first inspir'd, she saw with fond delight,
This band in taste and learning's aid unite,
Smil'd on their hopes, and call'd, to bless their cause,
The Guardian Angel of Britannia's laws;
That spirit, who, with firm undaunted zeal,
Fills ev'ry heart that seeks the public weal;
That Power shall view, with kind complacent eyes,
Redeem'd from want, neglected genius rise;
Shall hail its friends, shall vindicate their claim
To steadfast Loyalty, to honest fame—
Who faction's arts disdain, her sway disown,
But guard a just paternal BRUNSWICK's throne!

AN ADDRESS

For the Anniversary of the Literary Fund, at Willis's Rooms, 1802.

WRITTEN AND RECITED BY W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

YOUR approbation, cherish'd in my breast,
Had made me wish from tasks like these to rest;
For fear the writing of an useless line
Might rob me of the humble praise that's mine;
But now 'twere pride or folly to refuse,
At your request, the tribute of my muse. *
To you superior bards shall tune their lays,
You who, without the usury of praise,
Can give, by means as wise as they are kind,
The body succour, yet not wound the mind!
While the dread blast of war, with horrid sound,
Harden'd in deeds of blood the nations round;
A portion of your wealth was freely giv'n,
Like faithful stewards of all-protecting Heav'n!
To coarser minds you leave the vulgar fame,
To buy with gold an ostentatious name;
Enough for you to succour the distrest,
And find a recompence within your breast—
No vain parade, no adventitious glare,
Can equal the eternal sunshine there!
Were but your power as boundless as your plan,
From what a weight of ills you'd lighten man!
Man, born to chequer'd scenes of joy and grief,
Wants help in infancy, in age relief!
Form'd more dependant than the brutal race.
Though proud his stature, and sublime his face!

* The author intended that last year's address should finish his anniversary poems; but honored by the request of the society to write again, he resumes his pen.

And doubly needing friendship's soothing aid,
If love of learning doom him to that shade,
Where genius often wastes his brilliant fires,
And, unobserv'd, in misery expires!
Victims like these shall never more complain
That all their meed is poverty and pain—
But find that patronage, to merit due,
Bestow'd on all, impartially by you;
For narrow prejudice can never move
The heart that glows with charity and love.
Do foreign talents pine in hopeless woes?
Your liberal pity no distinction knows;
In England's cause, though warm your patriot zeal,
For learning's sons in every clime you feel;
And like their native springs, your succours flow
To Thames, or Seine, to Danube, or the Po!
Nor need the learn'd stranger ever fear
That foreign genius is an alien here. *
Thus, like the virtuous monarch on the throne,
You feel the woes of others as your own!
He, when his trident rul'd, with boundless sway,
From frozen seas to realms of burning day;
E'en in the proudest moment of renown,
When Egypt yielded to the British crown;
Though dazzling glory lur'd him from afar,
Check'd the full progress of triumphant war—
Feeling that wreath of laurel bought too dear,
Whose leaves were moistened with the widow's tear!
He bade his victor bands from conquest cease,
And call'd from Eden's bow'rs the angel Peace;
The lovely stranger heard the monarch's voice,
She came—and made a weary world rejoice!—
But should again war's dreadful tempest roar,
Lay waste the nations, and approach our shore;
From the soft lap of peace and all her charms,
The spirit of the land shall rise in arms!
So when tremendous thunder rolls above,
The eagle braves which storm that scares the dove!

* Several foreign authors of distinguished abilities have been relieved by the Literary Fund.

On sounding pinions seeks the threatning skies,
And, as the whirlwind rages, higher flies!
Long be the time ere justice bids us draw
The sword, to vindicate great nature's law;
But should that time arrive—our foes shall see,
That nothing can subdue a people free!
Again, incapable of change or fear,
The queen of isles shall wield the British spear,
Which hostile pow'rs have never yet withstood,
When once her sons were faithful, and her cause was good!

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

On being importuned by a Friend to accompany him to a Ball.

I.

HIE thee, my friend, unto the midnight ball,
Where outward smiles conceal a load of woe,
There bid the vagrant, pleasure, hear thy call,
As thou dost trip it with fantastic toe.

II.

I, here alone, safe from intrusive man,
Will spend in pensive mood the lonely night,
In gloomy page of wretched life will scan,
And taste of contemplation's high delight.

III.

Hateful to melancholy's sullen ear
Are mirth's mad shouts and pleasure's sprightly note,
And sweet to her the owl's harsh screams appear,
As slowly on the lazy gale they float.

IV.

To her 'tis luxury, at night's dead noon,
The echoing aisle with solemn steps to pace,
While thro' the painted casement the chaste moon
Does her fantastic shadows dimly trace.

v.

And shall she join the boist'rous revelry
With woful mien and garb of mournful grey?
Ah, no! for at her voice would pleasure flee,
And joy's quick tones would die in moans away.

vi.

Yet do thou go, my friend, if thou canst feel
The splendid scene exhilarate thy breast—
For life is sad, and he who can but steal
One little interval of joy, is blest.

vii.

But ask not me to join the laughing throng,
I should but languish in the busy rooms,
Turn with disgust from pleasure's madd'ning song,
And pant to plunge myself in kindred glooms.

Nottingham. H. K. W.

REFLECTIONS.

THE sun resplendent gilds the morn
With mild and genial ray,
The distant hills he tips with gold,
And drives the mist away.

The warbling lark his rising greets,
And waves her downy wings—
To realms ethereal see her soar,
And soaring, hark! she sings.

But sullen clouds o'ercast the sky,
And threat'ning rain impends,
The sun withdraws his radiant beams,
And swift the lark descends.

As sudden as this heavy gloom,
As hasty as this show'r,
Is joy by sudden grief repress'd,
And irksome hangs each hour.

How oft with joy man hails the morn,
And pleasure fill his eyes,
But oft, how oft, doth eve's dark shades
Bring sorrow, tears, and sighs!

Swift as the lark falls to her nest,
By raging storms dismay'd,
So man by sorrow's fatal hand
Is often doom'd to fade!

This fleeting storm an emblem is
Of all our earthly joys—
We scarcely taste the seeming good,
Ere some rude blast destroys!

SELWYN.

THOUGHTS IN A SCHOOL.

BEHOLD the magisterial nod,
Whose pow'rs so soon can call forth silence: see
You not behind that dread and awful frown
Some soft signs of paternal favor? Thus
High Heav'n, when low'ring clouds obscure the sky,
And spread the raging storm, oft from behind
Beams forth a ray of light to cheer the scene.
Note but yon summon'd culprit—see him slow
And snail-like creep, and with a downcast look
Draw nigh th' all-dreaded throne of majesty—
How ev'ry muscle trembles at the glance!
But, soft, the cunning idler to his place
Returns untouch'd, and, for atonement's sake,
Vows he will never, never disobey.
O fine promise of amendment! Oft I've
With pleasure view'd the evanescent shades
Of fear, that stray'd o'er youth's fair countenance,
Disperse and vanish at the voice of praise;
Oft, too, with equal study have I mark'd
The wondrous influence of a passive smile,
Awak'ning indolence, redoubling care.

This always sure—when peace subsides, and warm
Scholastic feuds arise, soonest he'll claim
Attention who appears the least displeas'd.

How happy, then, who can in one unite
The art of pleasing and of being fear'd,
Can claim respect the while he wins esteem,
And take from spleen all pow'r of discontent!
Look round on him, his pupils, and his own—
All are one chain, one ever-blooming tree,
Whose tend'rest leaf, with kind solicitude,
Shelters the trunk which gave it strength to spread.

Thus will he daily his good name renew,
Who is a master and a father too.

Thame, Oxon, H. K.
April 13, 1802.

THE TRAVELLER'S HOME.

O'ER barren hills, and fertile dales,
At morning dawn, or close of day,
By rising Sol's bright golden beams,
Or pensive moonlight's silver grey:
Thro' verdant meads and flowery fields,
Where limpid rivers smoothly glide,
Or o'er the bleak and rugged cliffs
That bound the ocean's foaming tide,
The traveller still is forced to roam,
And wander from his native home.

When rising spring its verdure yields,
Or summer's scorching suns assail,
When bounteous Autumn decks the fields,
Or winter's dreary blast prevail—
Alike indifferent to his mind
The varying seasons of the year,
Who, lonely wandering leaves behind
A wife belov'd, and children dear:
What tho' o'er half the world he roam,
His heart must ever be at home.

While contemplation smooths his way,
As passing o'er the mountain's brow,
He stops, delighted, to survey
The wide extended vale below;
The farm, the cot, the dome, the spire,
The winding river glassy bright,
Extensive lawns and shady bowers,
To give the sons of wealth delight:
But farm, or cot, or stately dome,
Alas! afford not him a home.

O'er fenceless moors and traceless ground,
At close of winter's gloomy day,
With storms and darkness gathering round,
He seeks his solitary way,
Till glimmering lights bespeak him nigh
Some long and anxious look'd-for town,
Where hosts, to catch the traveller's eye,
Hang out an angel, king, or crown,
To shew where those who that way come
May find a temporary home.

Here by the cheerful parlour fire,
A few from various parts are met,
Around the festive board at eve,
The troubles of the day forget;
And while with social mirth and glee,
As briskly moves the sparkling glass,
Each, as a toast, is proud to name
Some valued friend, or favourite lass:
From nymph to nymph his tongue will roam—
But drink to her he left at home.

So thro' life's short and busy day,
Whether with fortune's sunshine crown'd,
Or doom'd to trudge his dreary way,
With storms and tempests threatening round,
He labours toward his journey's end,
Cheerful thro' every bustling scene,
And, age advancing, hopes to spend
The evening of life's day serene:
Life's journey o'er, the silent tomb
Affords at last a peaceful home!

SONNET TO SOLITUDE.

Formed upon the model (as far as relates to the mechanical structure) of the inventor, Guitone D'Arezzo. *

OH thou, the wayward pilgrim's best-lov'd friend,
Pale solitude! who on some desert shore
Dost list the cataract o'er the wild rocks pour,
Seated on some lone promontory's end,
Or on St. Gothard's brow thy hours dost spend,
'Mid cloister'd glooms, and icy glaciers hoar,
Where silence reigns, save when with sullen roar
The solemn matins their sad summons send.
Thee would I woo in some monastic cell,
There, wrapt in thought, life's troubled ways would scan,
At morn, and noon, and eve, remote from man,
And, join'd with thee, in meditation dwell:
For, ah! no pleasures give such bliss refin'd
As the sublime abstractions of the mind!

Nottingham,
April 15, 1802. HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

* It is, perhaps, not so generally known as it ought to be, that the Sonnet is a peculiar and very distinctly marked species of composition: the mere circumstance of its consisting of fourteen lines is one of its least remarkable features—the rhymes of the second quatrain should always be the same as the first, and it should contain but one thought, and turn but on one point. Even these general rules are seldom observed by our modern sonnetteers.

THE GHOST.

BY W. HOLLOWAY.

OFT has my grandam begg'd me to refrain
From boyish pranks, which gave another pain;
For still her heart, to sympathy inclin'd,
Benevolently felt for all mankind:
And oft affectingly would she recite
The tale of Simon and the fiery sprite!

'Twas in her prime, when simpler manners reign'd,
And at their board plain farmers entertain'd
The village taylor, oft whose stated care
The rustic wardrobe kept in due repair.
The dextrous Simon, late one Christmas eve,
Receiv'd his groat, and took respectful leave,
With ale replenish'd, and with bosom warm,
The plowman's lantern dangling on his arm:
Tho' moon nor stars dispens'd one cheering ray,
He, whistling, homeward urg'd his ready way.
The barn, the cow-house, and the bridge he past,
And reach'd the solitary lane at last,
Beneath whose mould'ring banks, at even-tide,
'Tis said, a restless ghost was wont to glide:
Where oaks, o'er-arching, form a deeper shade,
And rising breezes rustle thro' the glade;
Midst the quick hedge a ghastly form he spies,
With bald transparent head and hollow eyes,
The mouth from ear to ear extended wide,
With long black teeth abundantly supply'd.
A rushing horror curdled all his blood,
Fast beat his heart, his hair erected stood;
His knees, that now together 'gan to smite,
Could scarce assist him in his backward flight;
His lantern meets an interposing post,
In stench and smoke the welcome light is lost;
While clanking chains, to aggravate his fears,
Pour their dread discord on his startled ears:
His implements of trade, where'er he trod—
Goose, shears, and bodkin strew'd the darksome road;

One short ejaculation 'scap'd his tongue,
And prone on earth he stretch'd his length along.
The wags, alarm'd, burst from their sly retreat,
And rais'd their trembling victim on his feet;
To calm his fears, the *hollow turnip* bore,
And show'd the chains that on their arms they wore,
In vain!—At home arriv'd, he sought his bed,
Where many a painful feverish month he led,
And still, whene'er this fatal day return'd,
The same sensations in his bosom burn'd.

SONNET.

LET patriots press, with ardent course,
To banish slavery's iron reign,
And hail those realms where public force
Has dar'd to break her galling chain.

Let freedom still around be spread,
And deem'd the choicest gift of Heav'n,
I'll court the ill which others dread,
And bless the chain which *Love* has giv'n!

Slave to the fair who rules my soul,
Her charms shall ev'ry sense controul,
Her will each thought shall bind.
I care not in what land I rest,
If still within ELIZA's breast
A dwelling-place I find.

CÆSARIO.

Literary Review.

Historical and political Memoirs of the Reign of Lewis XVI. from his Marriage to his Death. By John Lewis Soulavie the elder.—Translated from the French, in six volumes; accompanied with explanatory tables, and one hundred and thirteen portraits.

THE French revolution is so momentous an event, that it has justly engaged no small degree of attention in the political world—the reign of the unfortunate king who fell a victim to its fury must of course be extremely interesting to every enquiring mind. We here trace the causes by which the vast change was effected; we accompany the progress of this change, and are anxious to ascertain its termination. A work, therefore, of the present cast cannot fail of being perused with avidity.

The documents made use of in the drawing up of this publication, appear to be deserving of credit, and the author has arranged the materials with perspicuity. It embraces an extensive range, and the portraits, or rather profiles, of celebrated characters, are highly gratifying to the curiosity.

The peace having at length arrived, a more frequent intercourse with France will be established, and books relating to the reign of their last king will be imported in a plentiful profusion. Concerning such publications there will be much en-

quiry, and all parties will eagerly seek the perusal of them. We shall have therefore to announce such performancs more frequently than ever. An impartial account of them shall be given in our review, and the reader will be enabled to form a just judgment respecting them.

At the same time we are sorry that a recent regulation at the stamp office forbids our giving, in the future, either the *price of the book*, or the *bookseller's name* where it is sold. It is a restriction common to all reviews—we submit to it along with our other fellow labourers in the literary vineyard.

The miscellaneous Writings of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England, in Philosophy, Morality, and Religion.—Now first collected into one volume.

THE name of this illustrious personage is sufficient to recommend any thing coming from his pen; and it is with no small pleasure we have read the volume before us: the sentiments and language breathe the divine spirit of genius. His indeed was no common one—with his vast intellectual powers, he seemed to grasp the creation; accordingly in no other publications do we meet with such treasures of knowledge; in his works we discern the germ of all modern improvements.

The volume, including 260 pages, is printed with neatness—the type and paper being exceedingly good. The engraving prefixed represents the *monument of Lord Bacon* at St Albans. In the very attitude of this extraordinary man there is an impressive sublimity.

Researches into the Manners, History, Religion, and Phraseology of ancient Eastern Nations, as illustrative of the sacred Scriptures, and into the Accuracy of the English Translation of the Bible.—Published in Numbers. Nos. I. and II.

THE subject of the present work is confessedly of high importance, for every ray of learning is necessary to the elucidation of the HOLY SCRIPTURE. So many centuries have passed away since they were first written, and the customs of the country where the events happened are so different from our own, that we need every assistance to attain their true meaning. Such publications then which serve to answer this great end are peculiarly acceptable. The *two* numbers of the work before us may be pronounced a very favourable specimen of *Biblical Criticism.* These *Researches* indeed only require to be known, in order to be approved. We trust that the ingenious editor will receive every possible encouragement from the Christian world.

A Dictionary of Natural History, or complete Summary of Zoology, containing a full and succinct Description of all the animated Beings of Nature, Quadrupeds, Birds, &c. The whole forming a Delineation of all the numerous Creatures which compose the Animal Kingdom, as also all the fabulous Animals of Antiquity. To which is prefixed, a Series of illustrative Definitions. Illustrated with upwards of 135 *Engravings of interesting Animals.*

THE subject of natural history has always charms for young minds, and therefore this *Dictionary* constitutes a valuable present for the rising generation. The volumes that have issued from the press on this branch of knowledge are innumerable: *Buffon*, so much and so justly admired, suits neither the time nor the pocket of the genera-

lity of the readers. Here, however, the most interesting particulars relative to beasts, birds, and fishes are detailed with judgment and brevity. The introduction imparts a good idea of the *Linnœan System*, and the engravings, from their neatness, are entitled to much praise. To those who are fond of animated nature, this pleasing compilation will prove a *vade mecum* affording a large portion of instruction and entertainment.

Sermons to young Women, by James Fordyce, D. D. A new edition.

THIS very small, and of course portable, edition of this well-known performance, recommends itself by its neatness and accuracy; when bound, it will lie in a narrow compass, and, as a present from a lover to his mistress, would be received with gratitude.

On the nature and merit of these sermons the public have along ago determined. The extent of their sale has been great, and they have attracted general admiration. Such, however, is the precarious stuff of which fame is made, that Mrs. Wolstonecraft and her disciples have denounced these very discourses with no small indignation. But Mrs. W. we are persuaded, did not act fairly by them: she selected an exceptionable passage by way of specimen, and held it up to the reprobation of the world. Had the critic treated her *Rights of Women* in a similar manner, she would have soon complained of its injustice. We mention these things merely to guard our readers against rash condemnation. We do not entirely approve either of Mrs. W.'s or Dr. F.'s system of education for females, though we are of opinion that both their productions have great merit, and may be perused with considerable improvement.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR APRIL, 1802.

HAVING announced the arrival of the DEFINITIVE TREATY a former number, we now hasten with heartfelt pleasure to inform our readers that the RATIFICATION of that same Treaty has been exchanged, and safely reached this country. All fears, therefore, respecting the conclusion of the *Peace*, which were considerable at one time, are now at an end. We sincerely wish that *both* countries will have the wisdom to improve and the benevolence to cherish the tranquillity which is once more restored to them. *Peace* is the foundation of prosperity—may no storm then arise to darken the political hemisphere—may no prejudices be indulged on either side of the water to destroy the amicable compact into which GREAT BRITAIN and FRANCE have now entered!

The advantages resulting to this country from the *return of peace* will be great and numerous—every description of people must feel its good effects, excepting those persons who are immediately benefitted by measures of carnage and destruction. The benevolent mind is overwhelmed with grief at a retrospective view of the scenes of bloodshed which have been acted at different times on the surface of the globe! But dismissing all such unpleasant reflections, let us for the future cherish the arts of peace, whereby we shall most effectually advance the best interests of mankind.

From France the chief intelligence received has been respecting the *Concordat* between the *Pope* and *Bonaparte*, by which they have made Popery the established religion of that country. The chief consul, however, has the appointment of the archbishops and bishops, together with other officers of the church. In all these arrangements Bonaparte

has shewn great policy—indeed he appears to possess an uncommon flexibility of mind: the other day he was a devout Musselman in Egypt—now he is termed by his Holiness "his beloved son in Jesus Christ!" Of the religion of the chief consul we presume to say nothing, except that he seems to understand and practise the apostolic injunction of "*becoming all things to all men!*" This is perhaps, in his estimation, the most valuable part of christianity.

It is, however, a pleasing consideration with respect to the religious affairs of France, that intolerance is so far done away that each sect is allowed to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. This is a point gained. *Universal toleration* is the child not only of true philosophy but of genuine christianity.

From *St. Domingo* no decisive accounts have been received: much blood has been shed, and great efforts are making for the reduction of the island.—We are sick of war and desolation—May contests of every kind come to a speedy termination—may the *temple of Janus* be once more shut, and PEACE (that inestimable blessing) be proclaimed throughout the world!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR APRIL, 1802.

1. THE society of the *Literary Fund* met and held their anniversary dinner at Willis's Rooms, when betweeen 4 and 500 hundred gentlemen enjoyed a most festive day. His grace the Duke of Somerset was in the chair. We rejoice in the rapid progress of this benevolent institution.

5. The minister opened his budget of *New Taxes*, chiefly on malt hops, and beer.

6. Lord Kenyon died at Bath, after a long and tedious indisposition. Sir Edward Law, the late attorney-general, has been appointed to succeed him by the title of Lord Ellenborough.

10. Scots corporation held their annual spring dinner at the Crown and Anchor tavern. It was the most numerous meeting that has been held for some time. Much was done for the advancement of the charity.

12. Sir Francis Burdett made a most spirited speech of considerable length respecting the necessity of enquiring into the conduct of the late administration. The motion was lost by a large majority.

14. Anne Hudson summoned her mistress before the commissioners of requests, to enforce the payment of 1*l.* 8*s.* alledged to be due as wages. The girl was employed by this mistress (who was a maiden lady) to feed and take care of six favorite cats. The money now sued for was stopped on the charge that the servant had cribbed part of the 3*s.* 6*d.* per week allowed for the maintenance of the *little favorites*. When the commissioners had heard both sides, their decision was in favor of the servant, who seems to have served faithful this delectable family.

16. A meeting of the agricultural society held, and a large sum was subscribed to erect a statue to the memory of the late Duke of Bedford, that distinguished friend of his country. Such examples, we trust, will be imitated by the higher classes of society.

19. Being Easter Monday, the summer theatres opened——viz. *Sadlers Wells* (the interior being wholly rebuilt in a circular form) and the *Royalty Amphitheatre*, Westminster bridge. Both places were crowded, and the diversions went off with the usual hilarity.

19. The *Prince of Wales* dined with the Lord

Mayor at the mansion-house in great style, and immense were the crouds of visitors. The Sheriffs, however, did not attend, being offended by not having the usual number of tickets. The Sheriffs afterwards addressed the Prince on the cause of their absence; and the Prince returned them a polite answer, disclaiming all interference.

22. A curious occurrence took place in Portman-square. The preparations made at the house of M. Otto for the general illumination have daily attracted great numbers of persons to view them.—Over his door was put in coloured lamps the word *concord*. John Bull read this, *conquer'd*, and began to make a *row*. M. Otto came out to explain the word, but nothing would convince the mob but that the meaning was that the *English are conquered by the French*. M. Otto finding his attempts at explanation fruitless, good-naturedly ordered the offensive word to be removed, and that of *amity* to be substituted in its place.

24. At twenty minutes past nine o'clock, a remarkable meteor appeared a little above the northern horizon; sometimes it was almost invisible, and then brightened up again. It continued to be seen about half a minute.

27. The Ratifications of peace, on the part of Spain and the Batavian Republic, were received. They were brought by Mr. Hunter, Jun. from Boulogne. A meeting of the Privy Council was held at Windsor, when every thing relative to the *proclamation of peace* was arranged. The following notice was sent from the foreign office:

"We have authority to inform the public that the *proclamation of peace* will not take place till Thursday next, the 29th, on the evening of which day, and not before, the public offices will be illuminated.

29. Peace proclaimed.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

(From the London Gazette.)

JOHN WELLS and William Wells, late of Swallow-street, mercers. Samuel Wilkinson and Joseph Burrow, of High Wycombe, Buckingham, bankers. Bryan Kirwan, Duke's-court, Bow-street, vintner. John Tunnicliff and Moses Tunnicliff, Macclesfield, Cheshire, button manufacturers. Thomas Deacon, Queen's Elm, Chelsea, carpenter. Robert Lomas, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton spinner. Robert Carter, Witham, Essex, linen-draper. Michael Quinton, Bristol, tailor. Robert Beauchamp and Edward Lloyd, Kirby-street, Hatton-garden, lacemen. John Norton, Drury-lane, victualler. William Blinkhorn and John Musgrave, Foster-lane, Cheapside, silkweavers. Thomas Curtis, Frith-street, Soho, painter and glazier. Samuel Webb, Melksham, Wiltshire, carpenter. Christopher Hodgson and Allatson Hodgson, Sunderland, linen-drapers. Jacob Mendez Da Costa, late of Thavies-inn, Holborn, merchant. Nathaniel Hornby, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen-draper. James Burrow, Chiswell-street, hosier. Richard Wood, Liverpool, merchant. Thomas Horden Sing, Stockport, Cheshire, grocer. John Henstridge Hall, Cheapside, merchant. John Alger, Walcot, Somersetshire, soapmaker. Charles Cowlishaw, Ashborne, Derbyshire, grocer. John Hanford, Alford, Lincolnshire, inn-keeper. John Carruthers, Liverpool, joiner. Matthew Moody, West Stockwith, Nottinghamshire, ship-builder. Philip Seward and Thomas Pipon, Southampton, merchants. Charles Baggs, Liverpool, merchant. William Entwisle, Lancaster, cotton manufacturer, Joseph Coxon, late of

Queen-street, Cheapside, merchant. William Bodenham, Shrewsbury mercer. Frederick Gardner, Great St. Helens, underwriter. John Mosely and James Rose, Birmingham, factors and co-partners. Christopher Anderson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, cheese-monger. Robert Drake and Ebenezer Goddard, Newgate-street, wine and brandy merchants. William Henry Lovell, Fetter-lane, leather seller. Joseph Anderson, Clare-street, butcher. David Hirst, Linley, Huddersfield, York, cloth-dresser. William Bowle and William Hannah, Black-friars-road, oilmen. Solomon de Mendes, Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, merchant. Thomas Farrow, Durham, grocer. Samuel Thompson, Liverpool, linen merchant. Samuel Poole, Hewish-Mills, Crewkerne, Somerset, miller. Robert Woolstencroft, Timperlerley, Cheshire, inn-keeper. Larrat Wellings, Strand, butcher. William Taylor, Eltham, Kent, dealer in corn. William Hollyoch, Giles, Camberwell, Surrey, butcher. John Russell, Moorfields, broker. Francis Brooke, William Farrar, and Robert Rose, Basinghall-street, warehousemen. Joseph Grainge, Uxbridge, broker. John Marriott, Uxbridge, shop-keeper. Richard Davies, Park-lane, sadler. Thomas Wade, Great St. Helens, drug merchant. George Brittain, Bristol, grocer. John Nesbitt, Edward Stewart, and John Nesbitt the younger, Alderman-bury, London, merchants. Benard M'Henry, otherwise Mac Henry, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, merchant. William Jewitt, Snaith Lodge, York, brandy merchant. Augustus William Bodecker, Old Jewry, merchant. Richard Hooper, Burbage, Wilts, corn-chandler. Thomas Partridge, Dover, sail-maker. Edward Chatterton, Rye, Sussex, timber-merchant.